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# The New York POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA.  
SPORTING

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

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Price Ten Cents.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF EVERYDAY LIFE IN NEW YORK, ENACTED IN THE SHADOW OF THE FOURTEENTH STREET DIVES



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, November 24, 1883.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE POLICE GAZETTE  
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ARE THE ONLY PAPERS  
PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.

The public is warned against purchasing poor imitations of these acknowledged greatest sporting and sensational journals of the world. The only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX are the above. Buy them, and you will not be deceived or disappointed.

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Electrotypes and display type will hereafter be inserted in the advertising columns of the POLICE GAZETTE at an advance of 33 1/3 per cent over regular rates.

As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unequalled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of NINE MILLION COPIES.

Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished by the Publisher,

RICHARD K. FOX.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertisements, per agate line.....	\$1.50
Large Type or Electrotypes, agate measure- ment, per line.....	2.00
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PATTI and Nilsson don't speak as they pass by. Oh, my! Oh, fie!

TEEMER wants Courtney to row him. He will take it out in wanting.

NEW YORK is to have a cheap cab system, and the cheap dudes are happy.

THE Lithographer and Printer is a new trade paper in Chicago. It is a good one.

LOTTA is going to appear in London, and Minnie Palmer will have a black eye.

GERMANY is increasing her armed forces. Look out! Bismarck will sneeze next.

MISSOURI has had another cyclone. When it isn't Jesse James it is something else.

A COOKING school teacher says American food isn't fit to eat. She ought to emigrate to China.

TABOR carries a revolver. He is evidently afraid some thief will try to burgle that night shirt.

MARY MACSWILLY, of Aroostook, has been found dead in a pigpen. She evidently died in the right place.

PRINCE KRAPOTKIN don't like it in jail. It isn't half as amusing, he says, as dynamiting Czars to flinders.

PATTI got left on a reception down the bay, and she's so mad that Nicolini has slept on the lounge ever since.

HENRY WARD BEECHER demonstrated his Low Ideas by voting for the re-election of the Mayor of Brooklyn.

THE man who wants the POLICE GAZETTE suppressed now writes to us from Peoria. We will suppress at once.

WILLIAM KUHN, while rowing on the Raritan river, began skylining till he upset the boat. He is now a gone Kuhn.

BEN BUTLER is said to ascribe his defeat to the fact that he couldn't see the returns straight, and says that all New England may be skinned and tanned now for what he cares.

IT is singular that though John L. Sullivan is a rich man he should still have to travel around the country and spar for a living.

CADET Flipper is running a laundry at El Paso. He is getting even with the race which slit his ears by mangling its linen.

A FIRE damp explosion has occurred in a Lancashire mine, and the police are arresting the Fenians all over England again.

A MAN horsewhipped his wife because she mixed his salad with hair oil. He wanted to show her the sort of a hairpin he was.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what a man could do with a diamond that weighed a pound. Send it to our Religious Editor, of course.

A MINISTER's son-in-law in Texas has murdered his wife. As he was not a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE we cannot, of course, be indicted for his crime.

BOLOGNA sausage now proves to be as poisonous as raw ham and Limburger cheese. Thus is the ruthless hand of science tearing our pet luxuries from us one by one.

THE late Benjamin Disraeli must have been a very singular person. When he was young and hadn't yet made a fortune his biographers assure us that he was hard up.

DIO LEWIS' Monthly is on deck for November. It is more interesting than any of its predecessors. People who have enjoyed the predecessors will comprehend what this means.

THE newspaper organ of the colored people in this city advises all of them to save more money. The readers the organ grinds for now want it to tell them how to get the money to save.

A NEW YORK woman who hadn't money enough to buy a winter bonnet lifted one from a shop, and was arrested for it. Now let the advocates of the downtrodden sex get up a howl.

HERBERT A. SLADE is said to have knocked a man out West somewhere. We have not yet come across any report of an outrage on a paralytic out there, so we infer the report to be erroneous.

A YOUNG lady writes to ask what she should do to a beau who, after asking her to go to the theatre, sends her the ticket beforehand, saying he will meet her at the theatre. Why meet him there, with a club.

THE December number of the *Commercial Travellers' Magazine* is very much like the average c. t. himself—a dandy. Readers who miss it will miss one of the best edited and most readable magazines in America.

A SERVANT girl is under arrest for pouring kerosene over a cat and setting fire to it. The Chinese punishment of rolling an offender down a mountain side in a barrel full of cats might be appropriately revived in this case.

A DEMOCRATIC politician fell into a bonfire on election day, and an explosion was only prevented by his being promptly pulled out and extinguished in a mud puddle. As it was, all the urchins around the fire got drunk on the steam.

A MINISTER in Missouri has been in the habit of feeding his wife on the cast-off food he used to beg from the restaurant where he got his own meals regularly. He said it was for a dog. Such a man is capable of regarding his wife as a dog, of the feminine gender.

THE FOOLS who wasted their money to send American lawyers to London to defend the murderer of informer Carey deserve to learn that their emissaries will not be permitted to practice at any bar in England but one devoted to the dissemination of liquid eloquence.

A BALLET dancer has been poisoned by smearing her face with make-up preparations, to earn \$5 a week from the liberal Kiralfy's. If they had paid her enough to live on she would have occasion to regret her fatality. As it is, she may consider that she is playing in large luck.

JIMMY O'BRIEN, who wanted to be a boss himself in order to defeat the Tammany boss, announces that he will start a party of his own next year, as usual. He wouldn't feel quite as sore if he hadn't thrown away \$2,500 in cold cash on the laboring men of New York the very day before they didn't elect him Register.

IT looks very much as if the suspension of Belva Lockwood from pension practice in Washington had some malice at the bottom of it. There are certainly far greater rogues than poor Belva in the same business who have not been interfered with and are not likely to be. But they wear pantaloons and control votes.

THERE is a man over in Brooklyn who wants the bridge removed. The courts ought to let him move it by all means.

ANOTHER actress is getting a divorce, but singularly enough you don't read anything about it in the dramatic papers.

A REPUBLICAN editor who objects to being called an ass wants to prove that he is one by fighting his asperser according to the code.

TOM BALLARD, the counterfeiter, says if he is pardoned he'll never do it again. That is exactly what the Devil said when he was sick.

THE scarcity of clubbed heads on election day is ascribed to the fact that the police were too busy electioneering to attend to their "duty."

THE missing St. Louis girl, whose crazy freak of disappearing has been the talk of the country for two weeks, has been discovered in an appropriate place. It was a lunatic asylum.

PHILADELPHIA is becoming so moral that masked balls are to be ruled out this winter. This will give the pious Quakers another reason for coming to New York to enjoy themselves.

MISS MARY MADDER, of Baltimore, got her back up at her step-sister and tried to gouge her eye out. Her step-sister, however, got some fine jaw work in on her ear and chewed it off, and now Mary is Madder than ever.

BOB INGERSOLL says Butler ought to have been defeated, because he is a selfish man. Bob ought to be a pretty good judge of selfish men, considering how long he has been acquainted with R. Ingersoll, Esq., on the inside.

THE Sheeney husband of the Bowery fat girl has sold her corpse to the surgeons. A young man with such an eye to business would probably sell his sister to a surgeon or any other man, if he was offered money enough.

JAMES MALLEY, once leading man in the drama of "Jennie Cramer or the Mystery of Savin Rock," is said to be peddling lightning rods, and fathers lock their daughters up all along the route when he is telegraphed.

POLICEMAN CONROY, who first mortally wounded a man and then hurried him out of his misery by clubbing him, boasts that his influence will save him from the rope. No doubt it will. But it ought not to, and if the good men on the force which he disgraces were to take him out of jail and lynch him no one would seriously blame them.

OUR heavyweight Buffalo exchange, the *Express*, which has long held the blanket sheet championship of the world, has reformed, and is now an eight pager of reasonable size. The change, we understand, was made to please some of its readers, who threatened to stop their paper because it took two men to open and hold it.

IN an Iowa railroad station John L. Sullivan when the train came in playfully closed the waiting room door and held it as long as he could and reach the train himself, and then let go, leaving the other passengers to lose their passage. If some one would take a club or a pistol to Mr. John L. Sullivan when he starts one of his little jokes again perhaps he wouldn't be so funny in the future.

THOUGH every bad actor in the country sneers when he is asked if he ever reads the POLICE GAZETTE, and tells you nobody does, yet as soon as we give any of his dirtiness away, he writes to us about the harm our widely circulated and influential paper has done him, and wants us to take it all back. Circumstances make a wonderful difference in cases, especially when the cases are hard ones.

A PERSON in Virginia wants to know if there is a lower or meaner creature on earth than Richard K. Fox. Considering that Mahone is regarded as a gentleman in Virginia, their idea of a low and mean man there may be construed into a first class compliment. If our correspondent has called Mr. Fox a gentleman, according to the Virginia standard, now, he would have been promptly prosecuted for criminal libel.

THE employees of the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House gave a grand reception and ball at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Tuesday evening, Nov. 6th. Despite its being election day the reception was very well attended, and by midnight the hall would scarcely contain the number of participants. Mr. Richard K. Fox was present in person, occupying a proscenium box with a number of prominent journalists and some politicians. After the dancing the guests repaired to the banqueting room, where a feast of reason and a flow of soul closed the proceedings. Captain Breslin's vocal effort found hearty appreciation, and earned well merited applause.

## SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit  
Collected from Many Sources.

MEN are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

As a general thing bank clerks, when they abscond, make a great mis-take.

An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

A man "done up" looks dull and depressed. But a woman when dittoed is just at her best.

MANY a fellow has been "intoxicated" by the nectar of a beautiful girl's cherry and puckered lips.

THE boy who bit into a green apple remarked with a wry face, "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

HELLO, boy! Has your paper anything more about the earthquake?" "No, sir; not in this Iochia."

THE average girl, with a big hat loaded with flowers and feathers, seems all head till you talk to her.

SUNDAY school teacher—"Now, little boy, who was Moses?" Little boy—"The feller what marred the fat girl."

THE language of coat tails is the latest. A wrinkled coat tail bearing a dusty toe mark means: "I've spoken to your father."

MISTRESS—"Brigid, how is it you have not dusted the what-not?" Brigid—"Ah, thin, ma'am, I can't for dacency sake face that naked figger."

If any pugilist is anxious to try a round or two with rugged old Jack Frost, we advise him to "put on the gloves" right away. We'll bet on Jack every time.

HURRAH for de sassage!  
De shweet scented sassage,  
De semi-prowned sassage,  
Dot I loaf so well!

THE moral side of it—"And so, Miss Fuller, you think Miss Johnson did wrong to go on the stage in tights?" "Indeed I do. Why, her limbs are as thin as pipestem."

I DON'T like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the tin foil is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimpes."

LIVES of great men all remind us  
That our lives are short and jerky;  
And it's time that we should find us  
Each a fat Thanksgiving turkey.

IN this era of ambitious strife for the championship of something or other we haven't yet heard of anybody trying to see how far they can walk on their ear, or even attempting to perform such afeat at all.

A NEW version: A couple of tramps went into a lager beer saloon and drank a quantity of beer for which they had no money to pay. The proprietor instructed his bartender to "Durn dose rascals inside out."

A STRATFORD (Conn.) woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across his face and broke his nose. This bears out Dio Lewis' theory that husband and wife should not occupy the same sleeping room.

"MAY I see you home?" asked he.  
As upon the street they met:  
"If your eyesight's good," said she,  
"But if not, you can't, you bet!"

"HAVE you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy looking party, as he entered a Market street restaurant the other day. "Have you got an eagle on silver?" as the proprietor. And the conference adjourned sine die.

LITTLE boy,  
Chestnut tree,  
Scrambles up,  
Full of glee.  
Two limbs break,  
Boy's head swims;  
Down he falls—  
Breaks two limbs.

"WHAT is that man's name who is talking so loud," said a customer of a beer saloon, to a Teutonic proprietor.

"I don't know what hees name vas," said Hans; "but hees neesess vas a dead beat."

A YOUNG man to a maiden went  
For a walk out in the park;  
They came across a wooden bench,  
And sat down for a spark.

"I trust you will be true to me,"  
He said, in accents mellow;  
"Of course I will, my dear," said she,  
"Till I get another fellow."

SWEET little Meg came into her Sunday school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said:

"Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were real scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he was awfully cross to strangers."

OLD Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!  
We ne'er shall see her more.  
She was the wife of good old Grimes,  
Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,  
Since she gave up her breath;  
Her head was white with frosts of time,  
She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet  
E'er walked where duty led;  
And never wore a pair of shoes,  
Except when out of bed.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,  
She'll rest through endless ages;  
The sun has set, her work is done;  
She's gone to claim her wages.

SOME admiring poet said of his best girl,  
"Upon her face a thousand dimples smile for me."  
Which only adds more emphasis to the adage, "Love is blind." How like the mischief a girl would look with a thousand dimples on her face. The poet must have meant freckles.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Bartley Campbell's Modesty and Dying  
Boucicault's Opinion of Langtry.

## Together with Other Startling Sensations and Chaste Novelties of the True Professional Stamp.

THIS is the neat, delicate and effective way in which a "leading lady" is advertised by her agent: "Lizzie McCall Wall, who it will be remembered was arrested for killing her husband, goes on the road with Stetson's 'Pique' company."

OF COURSE Salvini is going to have another fly at the farewell business. This fat, greasy and penurious Italian, who used to mend his own trunks rather than pay ten cents to a journeyman carpenter, and who actually and literally spent in America, of all the thousands which he received, just \$25, ought to be received with the utmost coldness and contempt. It is high time these sordid money grabbers were taught that the stupid good nature of the American public has its limits.

WILLIE EDWIN BRYER, the conceited ass who combines diamond peddling with queer "comic" acting, made such a dire failure in London, that he is cruising round the provinces trying to pick up a little money to come home with. Edwin Bryer was always bragging of his immense popularity in London. "Wait till I get 'ome," he used to say (he is an Australian), "and you'll see 'ow I'll 'og hem." He has hogged them with a vengeance, so much so, that if he could only perform the Galilean feat and walk across the ocean dry shod, he would have been home long ago.

IT IS reported by some of Salmi Morse's enemies that he has taken to writing anonymous letters. Even this is more praiseworthy on Salmi's part than writing plays. By the way, if Salmi Morse really is hung up, why the deuce don't he go round delivering a lecture the wild and delirious fairy tale which he calls "A Sketch of My Life." It beats anything ever got up even by a professional humorist. Munchausen himself was a mere infant in mendacity compared with Morse. The only trouble would be that Salmi would never be able to tell the same story in the same way twice.

IT ISN'T cheek that Bartley Campbell is troubled with. Oh, no. He is addicted to handsome stationery, and each sheet has a quaint little device engraved in a corner at the top of the page. This device represents a couple of miniature cupids standing upon two closed books and assailing each other with quill pens. One of the books is labelled "Shakespeare" and the other is labelled "Campbell." Underneath the picture upon a scroll appears the line, "A Friendly Tilt for Immortality." Mr. Campbell may be in pretty good health now, but there seems to be danger of his eventually dying of enlargement of the gall.

TO THE CYNIC who justly loathes and despises the stage nothing is more comical than the mad, sheep-like rushes which take place as soon as one manager or actor or author makes a hit with a new line of entertainment. As soon as "Moths," for example, was declared a "go" at Wallack's, every "dramatist" who can use a pair of scissors with skill and a paste pot with discretion, set to work to get up "acting versions" of Ouida's. The woods are full of 'em, and there isn't a manager in town—except sensible Augustine Daly—who hasn't all but made up his mind to have a whack at the works of the foulest minded woman who ever novelized smut.

BEFORE MRS. LANGTRY came to this country poor old Dying Boucicault was interviewed about her and gave her a very bad reputation. When Mrs. Langtry arrived Dying Boucicault, who wanted to write a play for her, or to be more accurate, who wanted to sell her one of his old ones, gave her a Delmonico dinner. But though Mrs. Langtry ate his dinner and forgave him his slanders she would not buy his play. So, in a recent interview, he got off this ill-natured snarl at her expense: "When I last saw Mrs. Langtry she asked me if she was as beautiful as Mary Anderson. My reply was, 'My dear child, no. You have a beautiful bust and waist, and that is all.'"

DIZZY DAVID DALZIEL, the queer youth who "runs" the Chicago *News Letter*, and of whom some amazing stories are told by those who played under his management, is back again from Europe. David is so afraid of the inevitable day when his portrait will appear in this paper that he loses no chance to abuse and denounce the *POLICE GAZETTE*. David is the ingenuous person who gets paid for his railroad advertisements in thousand-mile tickets, which he afterward peddles out to the advance agents of theatrical combinations. By this simple yet effective device David can make at least \$20 a week—a princely income for one who, not so very long ago, had to pawn his nurse girl's trunks to get out of Detroit!

THE NOISOME SHEENEY, Claybergh, who started the rumor that his wife, Lillian Spencer, had gone crazy, in order to advertise her, has got into a den of a row with the lady's family. His first dodge was a cold-blooded statement that her father had died and left her a fortune. That, however, failed to work, so he invented the supplementary lie that his wife, through the intensity with which she played *Cora*, in "Article 47," had gone clean out of her mind. The poor woman was disgusted, as well she might be, by the outrageous trick to make her notorious, and it is reported that a divorce suit will soon teach the bold Claybergh that business managers must draw the line somewhere when they are lying, even if the subjects of their "gags" are their own wives.

THE GENERAL CONVICTION, now largely prevalent in this country, is that Henry Irving is one of the most common-place melodramatic actors of the day. He first made himself talked about as a pretender to the hand and affections of the Baroness Barlett-Coutts, who lent him the money with which to rent the Lyceum theatre. He is not one particle stronger or more really original than Lawrence Barrett, but has certain acute mannerisms and eccentricities which make him remarkable. As for Ellen Terry, we have a dozen actresses travelling to-day with combinations who can give her points. She is a willowy, gushing, jerky, namby-pamby young woman, who has carefully copied Irving's affectations,

and whose regularity and want of tone and of color have endeared her to the emasculated horde which calls itself the aesthetic *elite* of London.

SAMMY of the Entrails still takes to himself all the credit for Fanny Davenport's success, and swells visibly every day under the congratulations of the parasites and sycophants who hang round him. It is through his skill and taste and energy, mind you, that "Fedora" has made such a hit. The poor old chap's head is so turned that he is seriously debating the propriety of going on the stage himself once more and proving personally what great artist he is. He would make quite a sensation as *Fedora*, would Sammy; or, if he thinks the part too small to give his magnificent abdominal proportions a show, he might get Fred Maeder to do a good "acting version" of Daniel Lambert for him. What a Daniel Lambert Sammy would make, eh?

BILLY the ghoul is not as high and lofty as he was a few weeks ago. Before the new Metropolitan Opera House opened, Billy's swagger and arrogance would have made an English dragoon turn green with envy. He saw himself on exhibition every night in the handsome lobby, displaying for the benefit of admiring thousands, the full dress suit which he first learned to wear at the Park theatre. He beheld himself with his mind's eye idolized and adored by all the wealth and fashion of New York, and, as a concluding picture in the dazzling list, he looked upon himself linked to Henry Merle Abbey in the Siamese twin union of copartnership. But, alas! all these roseate dreams have been utterly dissipated by the gigantic failure of the Met., and poor Billy the ghoul spends his many spare hours lamenting the gloom of his prospects and the eclipse of his rare and radiant beauty. His spirits have sunk so low, in fact, that he has once or twice accidentally given a civil reply to a polite question.

THIS is the latest swindling lie got up by the Frohman family, under the patronage of the Rev. Dr. Mallory, in order to sell to retail customers Dr. Mallory's "Young Mrs. Winthrop": "The scenery which is used in the first, second and fourth acts of 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' by the Madison Square Theatre company, is constructed of wood and brass. The metal was cut by hand in India. In India this metal is used for decorating rooms dedicated to special ceremonies. The walls and ceiling of the scene at the Madison Square theatre contained over 200 Oriental designs. It shows the kind of house decorations which the more wealthy are now introducing. The scenery to be brought here with the play is the original imported wood and brass setting used during the ten-month run of the play at the Madison Square theatre." Of course there never was any such scenery at the Madison Square theatre; no such ornamentation is in vogue in New York, and the whole paragraph is an impudent fiction of the Society for the Promotion of Bridget Cavanagh, alias Georgia Cayvan.

THE most effectual proof that Ham Griffin uttered a silly falsehood when he said that Mollie Anderson would not consent to an introduction to the Prince of Wales is supplied by a recent occurrence in London. Mollie and Ham learned quickly enough what a mess they had made of it, for the English are a very loyal people, and the idea that the "Yankee actress" had aspersed the Heir Apparent, was getting around too freely to do Mollie any good. Business, in fact, fell off so fearfully that Ham was scared out of his wits, and so, when the "Lady of Lyons" was produced, the Prince and Princess were besought to attend, so as to prove that they did not believe Ham had circulated the preposterous lie. When Mollie was recalled at the end of the second act, she cursed with great humility to the royal box, and now Ham goes swaggering round the American Exchange vowing that he would give "\$50, sah, by God, sah, to see the fellah that started that infernal yarn, sah, by God, sah!"

GENEVIEVE WARD soon starts for her positively last farewell trip round the world. She is going through India, Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, the United States and Canada; and India, Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, the United States and Canada, will, no doubt, be a good deal better for the cathartic operation which she proposes to perform in their behalf. Genny is the dear good old soul who was taken up by the British aristocracy out of compassion, and who has for the last century or so posed in Europe as the only educated and cultivated woman ever born in America. She was an opera singer shortly after the battle of Waterloo, under the name of Mme. Gherrabella, is the sole surviving daughter of the first Mayor of New York, married a Russian Prince attached to the court of Peter the Great, was mistaken in Dec. 1879, for the missing remains of A. T. Stewart, and went upon the stage in 1745. When she reaches the United States what a triad of antique graces will she complete, with Janauschek and Modjeska! And what a jubilee there will be in the Old Ladies' Home when the whole three are gathered into its hospitable bosom!

HENRY MERLE ABBEY, the Mysterious Cove who has made a tremendous reputation for himself by knowing when to keep his mouth shut, and who has been running for several seasons on the strength of having "managed" Sara Bernhardt (whereas Sara Bernhardt could have been "managed" even by such a creature as Mike Rennet), has met his Waterloo in the new Metropolitan opera house. The man who could even pretend to harbor an idea that New York would stand two opera houses, while in every capital of Europe it takes a government subsidy to keep even one on its feet, must be a wild and gibbering idiot. It was all Mapleson could do to attract audiences to his dreary barn without competition. Now that there are two in the field, both must infallibly go under, and the loss will be but a slight one. Italian opera is played out in London and St. Petersburg, where the "swells" turn their noses up at it, and in Paris it is only sustained by the vanity of the French and the allowance of the government. No good operas have been written in the last ten years, and the world has outgrown the old ones. With Wagner died Grand Opera among intellectual people—though, obviously enough, Abbey isn't to be enrolled in that class.

ANNA DICKINSON'S insane craving to play "Hamlet" has led her into bankruptcy, and last week her manager "skipped" and left her to her fate. Anna, poor thing, is another example of the deadly consequences which attend having anything to do with the stage. Before its infernal virus struck into her system, she was one of the best known and most popular public characters in America. Her eloquent appeals for abolition, and the intelligent enthusiasm with which she advocated female suffrage, made her

a celebrity of the highest class. Then she got stage crazy, wrote plays that nobody would act, and at last decided to perform in public herself. It was a mad mistake. The crowds who used to go to enjoy the performances of Lydia Thompson and gloat in imagination upon her form, went in equally imposing numbers to laugh at the intelligent and high-principled Dickin-  
son, because she was homely and had no physical attraction. Her great record has been entirely obliterated by her fallen descent into the "profession," and she will be remembered not as Anna Dickinson, the great speaker and the woman of wisdom and eloquence, but as Anna Dickinson, a sort of female Count Joannes, flouted, mocked and ridiculed, and occasionally saluted with rotten eggs.

IF ONE wants to get a fair general idea of what the "literature" of the stage amounts to he has only got to stop and think for a moment of the mental and educational calibre of the men who write dramas. Take Bartley Campbell, for instance. He could not get even piece work on a daily newspaper, so turbid and bombastic is his style, so coarse and vulgar his fun, so utterly execrable his English. The only avenue open to him would be the story papers—for the people who revel in his plays are the callow girls and maidlin counterjumpers, who rejoice in reading "Marianna; or, the Midnight Marriage," "The Boy Pirates of the East River," or other equally blood-curdling rubbish. Fred Maeder, another "playwright," would find it hard to compose a grammatical advertisement for the theatre he imagines. Archie Gunter, who is another accepted "dramatist" couldn't get a situation even to write wrappers for the  *Tribune*. A more ignorant, uneducated, illiterate lot of "literary men" it would be impossible to conceive of. The fact is that no man who is at all sensitive about his style, or who criticizes his own English, can ever write for the stage. He would have to prostitute his talents to reduce them to the debased and ground intellectual level of your Campbell's, Gunters, Maeders and Barneses.

THE BEGINNING of the end of the Tearle-Conway match may be looked upon as a current event. Minnie Conway-Levy-Tearle was a gigantic failure in San Francisco. She left her lawful husband to go upon the stage, and expected to achieve a tremendous hit. All that she knew of singing and acting she owed to the almost reckless generosity (in her case) of little Levy. She duly appeared in English comic opera under McCaull's management, and made such a ghastly failure of it that she was all but hauled off the stage. Then Levy urged her to retire and resume her place as the mistress of his household. But, in the interim, she met Tearle, and made up her mind to shine as an actress, if not as a prima donna. Jim Collier, with his usual good nature, engaged her as leading lady of Union Square and sent her out to California. In consequence of her collapse on the Pacific coast she has been requested to resign by Shook & Collier, and will not appear in New York. Meantime Mr. Tearle has utterly broken down at Wallack's, it being the universal remark that the one blemish of the present performance of "Moths" is Mr. Tearle's wonderfully impudent impersonation of *Correze*, the tenor. It is about three months there will be a new Mrs. Tearle on the stocks, and Minnie will probably be coqueting with the patient and godlike Levy. For such is the profession of the drama.

THE BOOBIES who do the theatres for the country papers are very fond of protesting that the *POLICE GAZETTE* is a "real rude publication" which "abuses" those poor, dear, innocent and injured lambs—actors and actresses. Once in a while, however, an out-of-town critic sees his chance to be honest, and gives a black eye on his own account to the meanest, vilest and most detestable "profession" that ever cursed human society. Here, for example, is what the *Peoria Journal* says of Flora Moore, a representative actress: "The management has booked for October 20 a 'Bunch of Keys' or, 'Trouble in a Hotel,' with Flora Moore as the star. We would like to ask the management: who is this Flora Moore? Is it the same Flora Moore who played 'Frailly' in the can-can dive at John Ryan's dive, corner of Monroe and Clark streets, in Chicago, and was noted as being more vulgar in her actions than the original 'Frailly La Fave,' the French dancer? We know this is the same Flora Moore; and, further, her sister, Ella Moore, another member of the 'Bunch of Keys' company, was at one time employed as a wine room worker in Joe Schlinck's Globe theatre, in this city, which, by the way, was a dive so bad that it was closed by Mayor Warner. If the balance of the 'Bunch of Keys' company are on a par with the star, it must certainly be an entertainment that our theatre going people would do well to steer clear of."

## ANOTHER KIND OF "BATTING" TO UMPIRE.

THE young ladies' baseball club, which started out from Philadelphia early in the season, arrived in Pittsburgh a week ago and played a game with the male members of the Allegheny club. William Taylor, a member of the Alleghenys unspired the game. He was smitten with one of the female nine, a petite blonde named Rosa Garrity, and very pretty. She accepted his invitation to a buggy ride, and once on the road Rosa poured into Willie's ears the simple story of her life. She was scarcely sixteen years of age, and being fond of romp had run off from home at Lancaster, Pa., and joined the ball club. During the ride it transpired that the mother of Taylor and the father of Rosa had come over in the same ship from the old country many years ago. Taylor suggested that she leave the ball club. This she at first refused to do, but when Taylor accompanied the request with an offer of marriage on the following night she relented. The club left the city without her, and just three days after their first meeting, Willie and Rosa were made man and wife. The fact has just leaked out, and while Rosa has gone to her parents to acquaint them of the change in life, the new husband is awaiting her return to his bosom.

## WANTED TO BE TOO SMART.

[With Portrait.]  
C. H. Masters is in jail at Ottumwa, Iowa, on a charge of embezzling money belonging to a firm of that place. Messrs. Hardisty & Wilson, proprietors of the Ottumwa broom factory. He disappeared from there September 24, and was given up for gone when he foolishly wrote a letter to his employers from Lowell, Ark., signing a false name and stating that C. H. Masters had committed suicide. Messrs. Hardisty & Wilson recognized their dishonest employee's handwriting, and at the end of last month Masters was arrested in Lowell and brought home by Sheriff Bosworth. He is now ruminating on the folly of writing telltale epistles.

## THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

More items of interest the Little Birds Whisper to Him.

THE CATHOLICS of Johnsonburg, McHenry county, Ill., want Archbishop Feehan to remove Father Givens, their pastor, because he is heartless, greedy, and has refused absolution to many of his parishioners.

FRANK B. BRONSON, a druggist of Oberlin, Ohio, has sued James Brand, the minister of the First Congregational church, for \$30,000 for slandering him. In a sermon preached about January 1, 1882, the minister declared that Bronson kept a saloon instead of a drug store, and that he was guilty of corrupting youth, of using indecent language in the presence of ladies and children, of selling liquor to minors, and in fact almost all deeds that came under the name of crime. In the answer Brand denies that he used all the language attributed to him, but says all he did say was true. He will have a chance to prove it before a jury.

ON NOV. 6, a fight occurred at Newgent's saw mill, La., between two brothers named Lacroix on one side, and three brothers named Willbanks on the other. The Lacroix brothers were badly bruised. Robert Willbanks was stabbed in his elbow and side just below the arm-pit, and William Willbanks was cut near the arm-pit, behind, a very bad wound. The younger Willbanks was also badly bruised, but not cut. The fuss commenced at a prayer meeting on the previous Sunday night. One of the Lacroix brothers accused one of the Willbanks with crying "Amen" out of place while he was praying. A fight took place then and there between one of the Lacroix brothers and a Willbank, but they were separated. The difficulty was renewed on the 6th between the parties, when Lacroix used a knife, which brought on a general fight between the families as stated above.

JAMES HAWKINS, colored, the pastor of a Baptist church in St. Louis, was shot and killed on the evening of Nov. 7. He lived on the Natural Bridge road, and but recently married a colored member of his church. Difficulties in the church caused him to sever his connection with it some few weeks ago. He was sitting at the supper table in his own house when a man dressed in woman's clothing approached, and firing through the window sent a bullet through his heart. A negro seated on the outside noticed the work of the murderer and ran after him. The guilty man, however, escaped, but not without dropping the woman's clothing, with which he had sought to disguise himself. The police think that Hawkins has been making love to too many of the female members of his church, and that jealousy is the real cause of the murder. They hope to identify the murderer by means of the clothing which he left behind him.

LITTLE'S HALL, in Omaha, is occupied for the services of a Hebrew congregation, of which S. Bernstein is one of the prominent members, and toward sustaining which each member subscribes. Another member is M. Levy, a tailor. Mr. Levy was a practical man, and though he kept his store open on Sundays because it was not his Sabbath, he kept it open on Saturdays, too, because it was not Sunday. The result was that members of the synagogue who did observe their own Lord's day objected. Among these were Mr. Bernstein and a certain pedler named Solomon. Last Saturday week, according to their statement, Levy entered the congregation in a disorderly manner, assaulted the pedler, and insulted the synagogue by throwing water upon the Bible, finally putting the climax upon the sacrilegious act by threatening to kill Bernstein. Thereupon the pedler picked up a partially empty liquor bottle and struck Levy, who seized another bottle and, returned the blow and was then ejected and pursued through the streets by the congregation. The whole gang were arrested and gave bail, and there is a dark war cloud now brooding over the Sheeneys of Omaha.

THEM is trouble in the Mt. Olive Presbyterian church at Bellefield, Pa., and it has been brewing for many weary months. It is a very peculiar fight inasmuch as it is the result of mixing politics with church government. Just what will be the outcome is difficult to say now, but very many of the most prominent members are by no means slow to predict that it will result in the complete disruption of the congregation. The Mt. Olive church congregation was organized about seven years ago, and up to the past few weeks it consisted of about fifty members, over which Rev. Neville B. C. Comingo has presided as pastor for three or four years. Prominent among the members of the congregation, and who also took an active part in the Sunday school, was the Craig family (consisting of two brothers and as many sisters), and Squire James Young. The latter also officiated as a member of the church session. Aside from administering this important office of the church, it appears Mr. Young had a voice in the school board of the ward, which he is said to have used to the detriment of Mr. West Craig, and this, it appears, has proven a shoal upon which the church is likely to go to pieces.

## HANGING A DOG.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young man of Delano, Kern county, Cal., was bitten by a shepherd dog. The inhabitants got together, caught the dog, and formed a court for his trial. The justice of this town was the judge; Johnny, the keeper, the prosecuting attorney; another defended the dog before a jury of twelve. After a long debate the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced the dog to be hung. The brute was then well fed, and several ladies sent flowers to the condemned. A gallows was erected, a dry goods box serving as the stand. The dog was led to the place of execution, and before he was hung off he was asked if he had anything to say. The dog barked, which started all the dogs of the town to barking. The executioner tied a rope to the dog's neck, and at a given signal the dry goods box was pulled away. The drop was two feet and the dog died in four minutes.

[With Portrait.]

A. G. McCLOY.  
Mr. McCoy, although not yet 20 years of age, is a leading man in all sporting matters in Danville, Pa. He is the proprietor of the only sporting house and gymnasium in Danville, and manager of the Danville Baseball club. He is the champion pool player of Montour county, Pa., having won in all of the tournaments in the vicinity, and stands ready to meet any comers in that line, for from \$10 to \$100. Sparring exhibitions and other athletic sports are always backed by this energetic young man, and he does what he can to keep up the standard of sporting matters in his section.



CHARLES SCHAFFER,  
SENTENCED TO A TERM OF 21 YEARS FOR WIFE  
MURDER; EVANSVILLE, IND.

Brained by a Boot.

Jacob Lutz, a man 73 years of age, who lived alone with his son in a small wooden building a mile south of the Rapids, in the town of Chili, N. Y., was found one morning, three weeks ago, lying across his bed dead, with his skull literally crushed to a jelly and his face covered with cuts and bruises. The bed was soaked with blood. In an adjoining room his son was found sitting,

in great pain and distress. Young Lutz said that sometime during the night one John Kelly, an ex-convict, came to the house under the pretence that he was being pursued by two policemen. He laid down on the bed along with the father and son. Later young Lutz was awakened by a shriek from his father. He attempted to rise, but was knocked back. Both he and his father received alternate blows. The son succeeded in getting up, and found Kelly by the bedside, who stated that two men had been in the house to murder his father. The son stated that he was then choked and kicked by Kelly, who, after examining the young man to see if he was dead, departed.

Officer Rogers being notified of the murder by Michaels, arrested Kelly at his boarding place. Young Lutz was taken to the city hospital, where he has since remained. The inquest was held by Coroner Jones the day after, at which a number of witnesses gave testimony. The jury returned a verdict that Jacob Lutz, Sr., came

Mr. C. B., alias R. H., is an expert sneak thief, and is credited with having made away with a pocketbook containing \$500 in cash, some pension checks, and a check on Funsten & Co., of St. Louis, for \$128.79. One hundred dollars reward is offered for the thief's capture.

A Mild Sentence.

Charles Schaffer has recently been sentenced

Kelly's person, and was also discovered that he changed a fourth one at Galen's barber shop, Sunday morning. Kelly was paid only one five-dollar bill Saturday. Besides this, a number of spots of blood were found upon his clothes. He has also told a number of conflicting stories of how they came there, and as to his whereabouts the night preceding the murder.

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An Expert Sneak Thief.



JOHN KELLY,  
ACCUSED OF BRAINING AN OLD MAN TO SECURE  
HIS MONEY; CHILL, N. Y.

indicted him on nine different counts, he having burglarized five dwelling houses and four stores between the 2d and 16th days of September. Gates is 23 years of age, born in Canada, and according to his story, has led an eventful life, having travelled over the whole continent and worked at everything from clerk to cowboy. The capture of Gates reflects great credit on Detectives Hayden and McCormick. The portrait we publish is by John W. Taylor, of Rochester, N. Y.



A SHARP POLITICAL MOVE.

HOW A REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING WAS BROKEN UP AT EASTON, MD., BY THE OPPOSITION OFFERING A COUNTER ATTRACTION THAT LED THE COLORED VOTERS FROM THE STUDY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY TO THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.



H. G. JAQRUSS,

A FIREBUG WHO SECURED \$150,000 INSURANCE  
MONEY; AT POSEYVILLE, IND.

to his death by blows inflicted by some instrument in the hands of John Kelly." A large, heavy boot was found in the room where the dead man lay, with which, it is supposed, Kelly committed the brutal murder. Besides young Lutz's statement there is considerable circumstantial evidence which points to Kelly as the perpetrator of the crime. The motive for the deed seems to have been \$10, which had been paid to Lutz the day before his death by E. B. Chaplin, of the fertilizer works. This money consisted of four two-dollar bills and two one-dollar bills. Three two-dollar bills were found on



C. H. MASTERS,

THE OTTUMWA, IA., EMBEZZLER, WHO WAS CAPTURED THROUGH WANTING TO BE TOO SMART.

at Evansville, Ind., to a term of 21 years in the State prison for shooting and killing his wife on August 13, while in a state of intoxication. His act rendered five young children motherless and practically fatherless. The jury in his case were out twenty-four hours. They at first stood, four for hanging, seven for a life sentence and one for 21 years in State prison. The murderer is a German.

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Ed. Gates' Exploits.

Edward Gates is a desperate burglar, with a long record of crime behind him. The Grand Jury of Monroe county, N. Y., has just



CHARLES BURTON

POCKETBOOK THIEF, FOR WHOSE CAPTURE \$100  
IS OFFERED BY THE LAKE CREEK, ILL., POLICE.

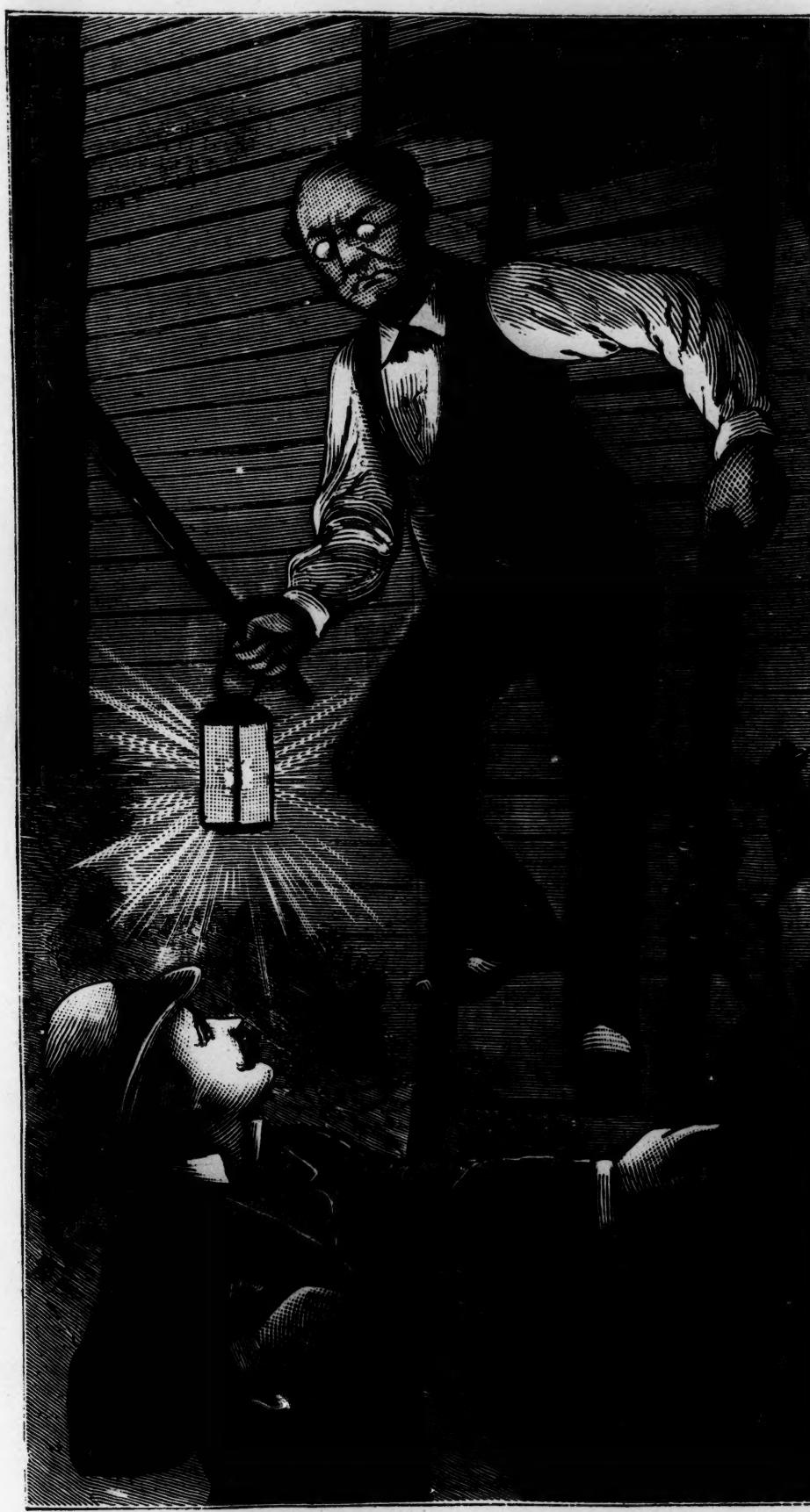


FRANK DUBOIS,

THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO MASQUERADED IN MEN'S CLOTHES AND MARRIED ONE OF HER OWN SEX; WAUPUN, WIS.

## Ladies Wild over a Trombone Soloist's Mustache.

Since Gilmore's band has been giving concerts at the Southern Exposition in Louisville, Ky., society has had a toothsome morsel for discussion in the craze among the young ladies of the city over Fred Innes, the trombone soloist of the band. Innes is a handsome fellow, about 36 years old, 6 feet high, with a "killing" mustache and eyes. The young women have gone wild over him. Day after day they have fought for front seats, haunting him during intermissions, sought introductions, written letters to him,



"SHE COMETH NOT," HE SAID.

G. N. D. L. P. DI CESNOLA,

THE NEW YORK MUSEUM DIRECTOR AND ALLEGED MANUFACTURER OF BOGUS ANTIQUES NOW SUED FOR LIBEL.

and repeated to wild extravagance the story of Bunthorne and the sighing maidens. The consequence has been that the city papers have published articles about the craze, and *Figaro* illustrated the matter.

The *Courier-Journal* attacked Innes fiercely, saying he had deserted his wife and children, was a deserter from the British army, and had shown so little respect for the women who had made fools of themselves for him as to promenade the exposition halls with notorious women. The article has created a great sensation. Among the ladies who have worshipped Innes are a number who are well known in the highest society, who have walked with him, and spent hours loitering in a popular tea stand with him, where he was surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls. For two weeks the young men have been indignant, and many of them would not attend the concerts. Two young ladies had a fight over a front seat commanding a good view of the popular idol. Innes has sympathizers, as it is recognized that it is not his fault. He has simply accepted homage that he did nothing to induce.

## A Medicine Mixer Lashed.

Hackensack (N. J.) society is agitated over a sensational street

THE STARTLING APPARITION THAT SURPRISED A GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., ROMEO, WHO HAD PREPARED TO DO THE BALCONY SCENE WITH A FAIR JULIET.

scene the other evening. Druggist H. M. George, a prominent gentleman, had, it is said, been enjoying life in his own peculiar way for several days. His wife heard that he was throw-

ing money away on stimulants, and resolved to check the reckless expenditure. She is a handsome lady, robust and muscular, and is said to be more than a match for the compounder of

home. It is rumored to-day that the matter will lead to proceedings for a divorce.

## The Parson Smacked Her on Her Kisser.

"Oh," said Daisy to her mamma, "I was in the parlor last night, beh'nd the sofa, when the preacher came to see sister Kate, and they did sit up so close for anything; an' the preacher said, 'Katie, dear, I love you,' an' Kate said, 'Oo, oo,' an' then the preacher kissed her right smack in the mouth, an' said, 'Dear Kate, how good the Lord is to us poor sinners;' and Kate said, 'Oo, oo,' an' then — an' then —"

"Well," said her mamma, "You wicked child, what did you do?"

"W'y, mamma, I felt so good, I blurted right out, 'Let us pray,' and you ought to have seen 'em jump."

## Two Mexicans Kill Four Men.

At Rosita, Col. Oct. 21, two Mexicans went to a house near Gardner, where a dance was in progress, and fired several shots into the house, killing two Mexicans, one of whom was the owner of the house, and two other men, one the son of a prominent citizen. Intense excitement prevails over the affair.



FRANK ARBORN,

THE "DUDE" BOARDING HOUSE THIEF WHOM THE NEW YORK POLICE HAVE JUST BROUGHT TO TERMS.

pills and powders. After some search she found him gazing at the anniversary procession of Company C. He turned as his shoulder was touched and met the baleful light in his wife's eyes, but quailed under the glare. She began a wifely remonstrance, and emphasized her remarks with a cowhide. The lash fell smartly upon the head and shoulders of the druggist, while he writhed under the torture. He started to fly, but reconsidered his intention and struck out in defense. The next instant his wife lay at his feet. Bystanders interfered at this moment and both were hurried to their



GASTON FEUARDENT,

THE FRENCH ARCHAEOLOGIST WHO OBJECTS TO BEING CALLED A THIEF BECAUSE HE EXPOSED A FRAUD.



BLOOD UPON THE WATERS.

STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH BETWEEN GEORGE OLIVER AND THOMAS ALLEN, NEAR THE SHANTY BOATS ON THE OHIO RIVER, AT CINCINNATI.

# NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

## NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man  
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Panorama of Metropolitan Midnight Life Ever Presented.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### I RECOVER MY RING.

When I landed in the gutter, on the occasion described in my last chapter of reminiscence, I cast about for a moment or two to make out where on earth I was and what the dickens brought me there. As I lay flat on my back there passed before my mental vision a rapid and interesting panorama. First came the picture of my delightful little milliner, still giggling and tripping homeward. Next followed a lightning glimpse of the cosy little parlor with the mysterious family of polyglot sisters. And last scene of all of this strange, eventful history, a big red faced, red whiskered ruffian bursting in on me like a bombshell and fairly exploding me down two flights of stairs clear across the street into the gutter, in which I lay prone, tranquil and musing.

It soon occurred to me, as a good idea, to get up out of that gutter. In the first place it was cold and wet and excessively dirty. In the second, the police have a very disagreeable and unsympathetic habit of hitting people whom they find in gutters on the soles of their feet with clubs, as a preparatory measure before dragging them off to the station house on the charge of being drunk and resisting arrest.

So thinking, I slowly and painfully ascended to the sidewalk and crawled home, wet through, sore in every bone and muscle, and covered with mud. But my physical sufferings were merely trifling compared with my mental distress. The bare idea that I had cleverly achieved wealth and possessed myself of one more tangible proof of it, only to be robbed of my diamond and thrown down stairs, fairly maddened me. My soul thirsted for vengeance, and I swore deep and loud that I would, in some manner or another "get square" with the perfidious jade who had so ingeniously and so completely tricked me.

I should, indeed, have been twice as great a fool as I am generally credited with being had I not perceived by this time that I had been once more the victim of a deliberate "plant." Fury had possession of my vexed spirit, and the gentleman who lodges in the next room to me, who has for years occupied the same apartment, declared afterward that he had never before heard me use so many vigorous expressions of rage and vindictiveness.

Next morning my mind had settled and deposited the dregs of its resentment like a cask of new cider that has been working. Clearly my objective point was the recovery of my diamond. That once more in my possession, I should be in a position either to overlook the trick played upon me as a mere joke, or I should have time to plan out and follow up an elaborate scheme of revenge.

But how was I to get back the missing gem?

It took me an hour to devise the plot and secure a couple of accomplices. I have two intimate friends—good fellows, both of them—who would serve me loyally in any pinch. One of them is a drug clerk, although to look at him you would suspect him of being a professional athlete. It would be safe to bet that no other compounder of prescriptions on this spacious continent has such a black mustache, such broad shoulders and such a biceps muscle in each arm as my friend Watkins.

My friend Hill is quite a different sort of a fellow. He is tall and thin and colorless. His eyes are of a cold blue gray, his cheek bones high and peaky, his voice deliberate, rasping and rather alarming. He is, in a small way, a west side politician, and has been advanced by the favor of the powers that be to the dignity of a special deputy sheriff. The only ostensible business in which he is concerned is the task of keeping order in the lobby of a well known Broadway theatre, it being his express privilege as well as particular delight to "take it out" of drunken or annoying patrons of the house in, at the most, three rounds.

Inviting these two intimates to a council of war over a refection of Frankfort sausage and sauerkraut, I confessed to them the ridiculous and yet ruinous experience I had undergone the night before, discreetly withholding from them all particulars of my interview with the sportive old president of the Gambrinus Fire and Water Insurance Company. In fact, I thought such purely personal details might not interest them.

My two friends listened gravely, as friends always do at such a crisis, and then asked me what would be a good thing to do—that being another practice of friends in similar emergencies.

"It occurs to me," said I, with all proper modesty, "it would be a good thing to call on these ladies in—well—say an official capacity." Hill is an officer—a special officer, it's true, but none the less an officer. At all events, he carries what in such a case is more powerful and influential than the moral law—a badge.

Hill nodded affirmatively.

"Watkins," I went on, "is the sort of fellow who isn't going to be downed by any red headed snoozers, no, not for that matter by any six red headed snoozers—in New York."

"I guess not," was the sententious remark of Watkins.

"Well, then," I went on, "I'll go round with you two fellows to the house where these girls live. We'll go right now—it's only eleven o'clock, and we'll have the coast clear to ourselves. I go as the complainant; you, Hill, as an officer, and you, Watkins, as a fellow who isn't going to stand by and see any monkeying done. How does that strike you?"

They had each drunk, by this time, at least nine glasses of beer. After your ninth glass of beer almost any proposition, discreetly put to you, sounds like the properest kind of a caper. At all events, my two friends took up my suggestion with such noble enthusiasm.

slasm that I felt touched to the core and morally bound to call for another round.

The other round completed the task of converting the generous fellows to my service, and I feel sure that had I gone as far as the dozenth glass in my prodigality, they would, in response, have cheerfully set fire to the saloon or brained the waiter at the slightest wink of encouragement on my part.

I must confess that when we sallied forth to put my great scheme into execution, I could not contemplate my reinforcements except with dire misgivings. Watkins had keyed his pugnacity up to such a pitch that I felt morally certain he would get into a fight with some harmless outsider and be locked up in the station house long before we reached our objective point, while Hill, in spite of all my remonstrances, persisted in wearing his badge on the front of his coat and vociferating that he was a deputy sheriff and didn't want the fact forgotten.

To be concise, both my valiant accomplices were extremely drunk.

As we neared the scene of action I experienced a sudden and most alarming shock. Standing on the corner of the next street, in full uniform, with a com placent smile on his face and swinging his club as jauntily as ever was my esteemed friend of the municipal police, Mr. Coghlan. His standing collar had never looked whiter or stiffer, his bearing had never been more erect, and the grace with which he chewed the toothpick, which all policemen carry as a sort of minor badge of office, was absolutely inimitable.

It was only too clear that my simple device to put an end to Mr. Coghlan's aspirations as a partner, had turned out utterly futile.

It was with very natural alarm that I rallied my irregular troops, and made a flank movement so as to evade the eagle eye of the gallant young officer. Just at the wrong moment, of course, Watkins insisted on fighting a most inoffensive colored person who happened to look at him with curiosity and surprise. Luckily the movement was not observed by Mr. Coghlan, and in another moment we were safe.

The old axiom that the most unexpected good fortune attends fools and children, was once more exemplified in my own case. The front door of the house in which resided the interesting young family on whom we were about to call, was wide open, and cautioning my troops to advance noiselessly, and in as good order as they possibly could, I led the way.

On reaching the landing of the second floor we halted a moment to get breath, and determine on the main attack. That brief delay was almost fatal to the success of my deep laid scheme, for no sooner had he stopped, than a great drowsiness came over my friend Watkins, and he fell down six stairs with a resounding crash.

Happily the noise attracted nobody's attention—such incidents obviously being quite common on the premises.

There was clearly no time to lose. So sparing myself the trouble of knocking, I burst open the door leading into the front bedroom, and, arm-in-arm with my auxiliaries, dramatically entered that apartment. As I did so, I closed the door behind us and propped the big bulky form of Watkins against it.

Under other circumstances the spectacle which confronted our gaze would have been a singularly agreeable one. Sitting up in bed, and rubbing her eyes, was the plump and pleasing damsel who had borrowed my diamond ring and forgotten to return it. Her abundant hair streamed down her back, and was massed upon her round white shoulders. The single garment which she wore had slipped very treacherously out of place, and her eyes being as yet unable to perceive her condition, disclosed to view a round ivory throat and most of an exultant bosom. The lace border of her chemise was shadowed in a sort of tattooing on that lovely breast, the swelling hills of which seemed to boldly invite conquest and possession.

With the black walnut headboard of the bed for a background, the round pink and white body, the rich masses of hair and the tapering arms made a delightful and provoking picture.

But the one feature of it which at once caught my eye and filled me with delight was not the tantalizing figure or its sensuous pose, but the glittering jewel which adorned the middle finger of her right hand.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she squealed, covering herself up with the bedclothes.

"I'm Bill Watkins, of Harlem, and I can lick any son of a gun in the room," was the prompt but irrelevant reply of my faithful ally.

"You know what we want," I said, sternly. "This gentleman is an officer, and if you don't turn up my diamond ring, I'll have him lock you up."

"Yes!" observed Hill, with great dignity, and flashing his badge under her nose. "I've a good mind to give you the collar, anyhow. If you look at me cross-eyed I'll yank you out of bed and chuck you into the cooler just as you are; make no mistake about me."

The girl began to cry,

"It was only a joke," she whimpered. "If you'd a waled till I came back you'd have got your ring."

"Here!" growled Hill, with an imitation of the usual detective manner, which would have made his fortune on the stage. "We don't want any guff, now. What we're after's the spark. If you ain't been an' hocked it, an' know what's good for you, you'll turn it up, right here. The gentleman ain't a go to make no complaint if you do the square thing."

The girl began to cry,

"It was only a joke," she whimpered. "If you'd a waled till I came back you'd have got your ring."

"And bad luck go with you," cried the hussy.

Watkins was napping, with his back against the door.

"Come!" I exclaimed, "we've got the ring, and we're going."

He made no reply till we were half way down stairs.

"You've got the ring?" he said, stopping short in his descent.

"Yes," was my response; "and it's all right in my vest pocket."

He continued to descend; then he stopped again at the foot of the stairs.

"And you didn't have to fight for it?"

"Not a blow," I said, carelessly, in the doorway.

"I call that a dead roast," he roared, "and I'm going to hit somebody if I do a month for it." With which absurd and illogical exclamation he turned upon a brawny Irishman who, pipe in mouth, was going through the hall, and struck him such a blow between his eyes that the pipe flew clear out of doors, and the Irishman, with a yell of rage and amazement dropped hindways into a scuttle of hot ashes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HE MARRIED THEM.

A Cocked Revolver Forces a Clergyman to Join an Adventurer and a Deaf and Dumb Bride.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Professor" Jake Bonsall, the young desperado and highwayman who became the commander of the notorious Welsh Mountain gang of land pirates after Ike Buzzard was locked in Lancaster, Pa., jail a few months ago, has forced a minister, at the point of a pistol, to marry him to Miss Lydia McComas Kline, the young, rich, pretty and deaf and dumb niece of Jacob V. Fetterman, of Norwegian township, Pa. The enforced marriage ceremony was performed in the house of an ignorant German farm hand named Andrew Bock.

Bonsall is the son of a Berks county, Pa., farmer, and is not more than thirty years old. Three years ago he taught school in Norwegian township, and during the winter boarded with Mr. Fetterman, whose daughter Addie he wanted to marry. Fetterman made some inquiries about Bonsall, and learning that he had been arrested in Reading for garroting and robbing a drunken man ordered him out of the house. Bonsall went to board at a neighboring farm, and kept up secret correspondence with Miss Fetterman, Miss Kline, who was sixteen years of age, carrying the letters. Miss Kline is an orphan, and has for eleven years lived with her uncle, who holds in trust for her \$35,000, which is her share of her father's estate. She is a blonde and very pretty, and, although deaf and dumb, has had several offers of marriage. When Bonsall learned that she was an heiress, he at once began making love to her, and although he is neither handsome nor intelligent she fell in love with him, and in order to keep her rival cousin out of the field, exposed her letters to Mr. Fetterman. He sent his daughter to Philadelphia, where she still lives.

Recently Miss Kline left her uncle's house to pay a visit to a girl friend who lived half a mile off. As Rev. Andrew J. Hoechler was driving from Schaefferstown to Cocalico he overtook Bonsall, whom he did not know. At his invitation Bonsall got into the carriage. They had not gone 100 yards together before Bonsall grabbed the lines, pulled the horse to a standstill and excitedly asked:

"Are you a preacher?"

The astonished minister replied, "Yes."

"Then you are the man I'm looking for."

With that he deliberately turned the horse around toward Schaefferstown. Mr. Hoechler objected, on the ground that he had business to attend to and could not go back.

"You must go," said Bonsall. "This is business, and if you make any fuss there will be trouble." Then he told the minister that two miles back there was a dying man who wanted to make a confession that would release an innocent man from the penitentiary. They drove two miles, got out and walked half a mile across the field to the cabin of Bock. Bonsall went in without knocking and when Mr. Hoechler entered the "Professor" closed and bolted the door. Bock, who was intoxicated, went into a back room and soon returned with Miss Kline, who was crying.

"Now," said Bonsall, taking the weeping girl by the hand and addressing the minister, "you might as well know that I lied to you. I want you to marry this woman and me. Go ahead. Don't waste any time."

The minister hesitated and spoke to the girl. She looked at Bonsall, who said: "She can neither talk nor hear."

"I refuse to marry you," said Mr. Hoechler.

"But you must," exclaimed Bonsall, drawing a revolver and cocking it. "You think she doesn't want to marry me, I suppose?"

Taking a notebook from his pocket Bonsall wrote: "This man does not think you want to marry me," and showed it to the girl.

She instantly took the pencil and underneath the query wrote: "Oh, yes, I love him and must marry him at once; now."

The minister then made them husband and wife, but it was not until the last word was spoken that the groom put up his revolver. The girl gave the minister \$5, and he drove away to tell his strange story.

Bonsall is now in the mountains, and it will be difficult to effect his capture.

### A "LAH-DE-DAH" YOUNG MAN,

And the Story of his Many Adventures, ending in the New York Tombs Prison.

[With Portrait.]

Another picture was added to the Rogues' Gallery at the Police Central office in New York city some days ago. As will be seen from a copy in this issue, it represents an elegantly dressed young man with much of the "la-de-dah," not to say "dude," about him. His name is Frank Arborn, and the charge against him is grand larceny.

For five years Arborn has mingled in good society in New York and other cities. By a remarkably good address and a wonderful assurance, he managed to ingratiate himself into many wealthy families. He has boarded in aristocratic boarding houses, gaining admission by excellent references. He always represented himself as a college student.

Five weeks ago he obtained admittance to Miss Helen McNeill's boarding house, at 135 Fifth avenue. During the spring he had visited a wealthy gentleman who stopped there, and then made a good impression by his pleasing manners. He said that he was studying at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Not long after his arrival articles of jewelry and wearing apparel disappeared from the rooms of several of the boarders, and several articles of clothing were taken from Miss McNeill's wardrobe. On Thursday afternoon the attention of the police was called to the losses, and Detective Price was sent to investigate. Detective Price suspected Arborn, but the people in the house scouted the idea. The detective opened Arborn's trunk and found there a silk basque and a cloak belonging to Miss McNeill. In addition, there was a bunch of skeleton keys. Thereupon Arborn was arrested.

The last time that our hero was in the meshes of the law in New York city was in the fall of 1881, for complicity in obtaining goods in the preceding August under false pretences from Francis O'Neill, the shoe dealer of 1,170 Broadway; E. M. & W. Ward, men's furnishing goods, of 862 Broadway, and Younan, the New York hotel hatter. For reasons best known to the District Attorney, this case was pigeonholed. Arborn, in the latter part of 1880, went to Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of a wealthy young lady who was engaged to be married to a young Philadelphia Arborn came suddenly back to New York city, where he was followed by the Philadelphian, who

searched for him with a revolver. He was arrested, but the case fell through. On April 6, 1880, he was arrested on the complaint of a well known French resident of this city for trying to entice his 15-year old daughter from her home. Arborn met the young lady in a fashionable church, and obtained a great influence over her. He also escaped punishment in this case. The police suspect him of being the man who, not long ago, victimized Mrs. Weatherby, of 17 East Twenty-sixth street, by bogus letters of reference and representations regarding his alleged millionaire uncle.

### THE SHOP GIRL'S CHAMPIONS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Max Rosenberg is a gay drummer, who represents the house of Ludwig & Co., dealers in silks, New York. Max was in Chicago a few days ago and visited the store of Schlesinger & Mayer frequently. One of the salesladies of that store is a Miss Rosenfeld, whose dark eyes and bright smile haunted Max whenever he went to his hotel. He wrote a note to Miss Rosenfeld, and dropped it near where she stood. She was induced by friends to open the note, which requested her to meet the writer at 6:20 that evening in front of the First National Bank. The male clerks in the same store persuaded the young woman to keep the appointment.

Rosenberg was highly elated at the sight of Miss Rosenfeld, and thanked her for being so prompt. Just at this moment one of the clerks named McCarthy, stepped up and asked Rosenberg if he was acquainted with the young lady whom he addressed, adding that he was her brother. Rosenberg declared that he new her, and remarked the lack of family resemblance between his interviewer and the young lady. McCarthy then turned to Miss Rosenfeld and asked if she knew the man with whom they were conversing. On receiving a negative reply, McCarthy at once threw off his coat, and striking out from the shoulder, landed a good one from his left fist on Rosenberg's nose, starting a copious flow of claret. Rosenberg picked himself up in such haste that he lost his baggage, a sample case containing \$5,000 worth of goods, his cane, and hat, and beat a hasty retreat.

## A JEALOUS PIMP.

He Kills his Mistress to Keep her From Shaking Him.

The Queen of the New Orleans Demi-Monde Changes her Lover and Loses her Life.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

A yellowish terracotta finished house, the abode of the demi-monde in Basin street, New Orleans, La., was the scene on November 3 of a terrible tragedy. Kate Townsend, who reigned queen of the frail sisterhood in the Crescent City for many years, and who was probably known in every quarter of the land, was killed—murdered by William Sykes, the man who claimed her as his wife, and was believed by the world to be her legal husband. She was about forty years of age, handsome, but inordinately stout. Her face always wore a smile, and she was known to be very wealthy, hence much sought after.

Sykes is about 45 years old and is the son of a once prominent, wealthy and respectable family, who disowned him on account of his associations with Kate Townsend.

Sykes' father, now dead, was for many years a member of the firm of Sykes & Morphy, auctioneers, who were relatives of each other and also of Paul Morphy, the famous chess player. Young Sykes was well educated, but as his father was wealthy, he led an easy life. About twenty-five years ago, or when he was 20 years old, he formed the acquaintance of Kate Townsend, who was about his own age. She was at that time a nurse girl.

Kate's true name was Bridget Cunningham. She was a native of Ireland, and married before she was 16 to an English sailor, by whom she had several children that have been completely lost sight of. Deserted by her husband, she became a barmaid in a Liverpool tavern. She emigrated to New Orleans just before the war.

Kate—"Gentle Kate," as she was called—used to sit in the parlor literally ablaze with the purest of white diamonds, representing in themselves a small fortune. Her smile so charming, and her eyes so soft when in repose, would snap and flash in anger when aroused, rivalling her diamonds, and woe betide the foolhardy mortal who dares provoke her.

She was a large, robust woman, and it is said that she had the largest breast of any female in New Orleans.

The downfall of both was sudden and rapid, and they soon drifted into a life of licentiousness. Owing to Young Sykes' prominent and respectable connections, his departure from the paths of virtue caused a public scandal. Efforts to reclaim the erring son were futile, and he was finally discarded. His mother is still living and he has brothers and sisters in New Orleans of good social standing. It is reported that Sykes married the Townsend woman. At any rate they passed as husband and wife. Kate finally wound up in the career of a demi-monde, and was nominally the proprietress of the house where she was murdered, and where she "kept" a large number of beautiful women of her own ilk.

Kate for many years held the title of "queen" of the New Orleans demi-monde. Sykes was her "pimp" and "bouncer." Kate accumulated a large amount of property, including real estate, and was reputed to be worth \$200,000. She supported Sykes, and one time set him up in the livery stable business, which he used principally for his and her amusement. Two years ago Sykes and Kate were in New York city, and visited Saratoga and other watering places. Their home was luxuriously furnished and was the bon ton resort of the kind in the Crescent City. Kate used to punish Sykes occasionally with a whip or anything she could get hold of, and he never forcibly resisted her. Sykes has always been jealous of her, but whenever they encountered each other he always bore the marks of her hands and several times entered the station house covered with blood. The breach between them has been widening for some time, and more recently they quarreled every day.

The man who was the cause of the trouble has turned up in the person of John McLearn, a young fellow of twenty-five, of excellent family. McLearn is a young cotton clerk, and was collecting her rents for her. The two had arranged to go away to Chicago together the day of the murder, and had purchased the tickets. Sykes, hearing of this, and believing that he was to be thrown overboard entirely, quarreled with Kate about it, and the result was the murder.

On Friday night, November 2, Sykes returned home and went up stairs to his room, while Kate remained until the house was closed for the night, and also retired.

Nothing more was heard of either of them until about 10 o'clock Saturday morning, when the colored housekeeper saw Sykes come down stairs and enter Kate Townsend's room. He must have locked the door from the inside, as soon afterwards the shrieks of the woman were heard, and the housekeeper went to the door and knocked for admission. Sykes came to the door and told her to go away; that he was going to settle the matter. Loath to leave her mistress, yet aware of the fact that they frequently quarreled, and her voice could always be heard loudest, she left. The door, which was only partly opened, did not permit her to see what occurred inside.

The shrieks of the dying woman continued for some short time, and then all was still. Sykes then came to the door leading into the hall, and, calling for the colored female cook, bade her approach. She did so, and when she reached the door she noticed that Sykes had a wild look about his eyes. He simply said: "She's gone." Then she saw his blood-bespattered clothing and exclaimed: "What you've done, Mr. Sykes?" He replied: "I had to do it," and with these words he started to walk up stairs.

One glance into the room sufficed to show the cook the bleeding form of her mistress lying on the side of the bed, her bare feet resting on the floor, dead. The officer who was called at once surmised who had committed the deed, and ran up stairs in search of Sykes, whom he found in his room. He had changed his clothing, and had donned a pair of gray pants, black coat and hat, and saying "I'm going to give myself up—I had to do it," surrendered. On the way down stairs he muttered a few words in explanation. He said: "She drew the knife on me, and I took it away. Then she drew the scissors, and I cut her."

The wounds were inflicted with a dirk six inches

long, and are as follows: Three wounds in the breast, two in the left shoulder, and one in the left side of the neck.

Sykes has for some time past been dissipating to a great extent, and was a frequenter of the opium joints, and is credited with having quite a fancy for hitting the pipe.

The room in which the murder was committed was gorgeously furnished. In the left hand corner was a magnificent etagere, upon which were statuettes, the work of renowned artists, and small articles of virtue, betraying great taste both in selection and arrangement. A finely carved, though small, marble table stood next, while adjoining this was a splendid glass door armoire, on the shelves of which were stored a plethora of the finest linen wear and bedclothing. Next the armoire was a rep and damask sofa, and over the mantel was a costly French mirror, with gilt frame. A large sideboard stood in the corner, next a window on the other side of the chimney, and in this was stored a large quantity of silverware. Sykes is now in the Parish prison in New Orleans.

The will of Kate was found on file in the office of the public notary. It was made ten years ago. The testatrix says:

"I have no father or mother living, and have no heir. I do hereby give and bequeath to Mr. Troisville Sykes, of this city, all the property, real and personal, which I may die possessed of, hereby constituting him my sole and universal legatee, and in case of death of the said Troisville Sykes I do hereby give and bequeath to Mrs. Stephanie Sykes, his mother, and to all her children, all the property, real and personal, which I may die possessed of. I do further constitute and appoint the said Troisville Sykes my testamentary executor."

The crime of the murderer has disqualified him from inheriting the bequest, and it ought, under the law, to go to the State. The public administrator has opened the succession.

## FROM GRACE TO DEEP DISGRACE.

A scandal which has been privately agitated for some time in the South Baptist church, on East King street, Newark, N. J., was made public on November 8. The gentleman implicated is Theodore H. Miller, and the charges against him embrace embezzlement, intemperance and bigamy. They were pressed to a conviction before a tribunal of the church some six months ago, though Mr. Miller obtained a suspension of sentence by repeated and apparently sincere promises of reform. Miller was arrested about eighteen months ago on a charge of having embezzled money belonging to H. O. D. Schenck. He was admitted to bail, and that was the last ever heard of the matter. Shortly after, Miller professed to have experienced a change of heart, and he joined the South Baptist church. He became at once a very active member. After a while he fell from grace and was brought before a committee and finally was tried with the result already stated, for dishonesty and intemperance.

Shortly after this rumors that Miller had two wives began to circulate, but before the church could take up these stories he had disappeared. His wife said that the charge of bigamy had been set afloat by a deacon in the church with whom her husband had quarreled. She admitted, however, that Miller was a divorced man when she married him. She had the divorce papers in her possession at that time, but they had been mislaid or lost, and to guard against the stories recently put in circulation, her husband had gone to Minnesota to get copies of the original decree. She expected his return in the course of a few days.

The impression among the church members is that Miller deceived his wife about the divorce, and finding exposure and detection staring him in the face, had either abandoned her or gone West with the intention of securing a residence in some Western State, and upon that to get a divorce by alleging that his first wife had abandoned him.

## AGGIE SUES SHARON FOR DIVORCE.

Miss Aggie Hill, claiming to be Mrs. Sharon, has brought suit in the Superior Court in San Francisco, against Senator Sharon for a divorce, a division of community property, and alimony. Her claims are based on wilful desertion and repeated acts of adultery.

She says that when she was married to the Senator he was deeply in debt, and that his property was worth \$5,000,000 only. Under their joint management as man and wife the Senator is now worth \$15,000,000. She asks that an account be taken of all business transactions since their marriage, in order that the value of the common property may be determined and equally divided.

In court, on November 8, Miss Hill refused to produce the alleged marriage contract, until informed by the Judge that if she did not it would be ruled out as evidence and only regarded as waste paper. She then produced it. Senator Sharon denounced it as a forgery in such indignant terms that the Judge ordered him to be removed from the court. The document will remain in the possession of the clerk of the court until a large photograph of it is taken.

## KILLING A BOY TO SHIELD THEMSELVES.

There has been great excitement in Princeton, Wis., over the arrest of Mrs. Ellen Long and Mr. Whittemore on a charge of murdering Willie Whittemore, the eleven-year-old boy who was found in the river recently with his throat cut from ear to ear. A long knife, two razors, and some bloody clothes were found on Mrs. Long's premises.

It is alleged that Whittemore found the body of his boy at a point which had been visited daily by other searchers. It is also claimed that when he went out that morning he had the body in the boat and that it was found at noon by him just where he had placed it. The authorities claim to have evidence proving that the murder was committed by Mrs. Long and Whittemore, who had been criminally intimate, and had arranged to elope and had been discovered in their intimacy by the boy.

The parties are well connected, and the horrible crime and the arrests have created the most intense indignation. There is the strongest evidence that the father and his mistress committed the fiendish murder.

## JAMES MCLOUD.

[With Portrait.]

James McCloud is one of the pugilists that the recent boom inistic matters has brought to the front in the West. He won the POLICE GAZETTE heavyweight champion medal for Arizona, at the contest at Tombstone, where he had to meet some good men.

## CESNOLA'S BOGUS ANTIQUES

Was a Worthless Collection Palmed off on a Credulous Set of Old Fossils.

[With Portraits.]

At the present moment one of the most remarkable libel suits in the judicial annals of this country is being tried before Judge Shipman, in the United States Circuit Court, New York city. The plaintiff is Monsieur Gaston Feuardent, a French dealer in antiquities, Lafayette place; the defendant, Gen. Luigi Cesnola, superintendent of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The causes that have led to their figuring in such an action may be summed up as follows:

Shortly after Lincoln's death, Di Cesnola, who had taken part in the civil war, and been promoted to a colonelcy, obtained from President Andy Johnson the appointment of consul of the United States to the Island of Cyprus. He occupied this post for several years, passing his leisure hours in making extensive explorations among the ancient ruins of the island. Thus, by the time his term expired, he was the happy possessor of a large collection of antiquities, remnants of old Greek statues, vases, etc., etc., rubbish in itself, but valuable for its bearing on history as long as it was authentic in its origin, and as such worth more than its weight in solid cash. The colonel was well aware that there was a market for such wares. He visited the museums of the old continent, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and succeeded in selling a few vases to the Berlin museum, and that was about all. Elsewhere his offers were totally disregarded.

The poor success attending his European peddling tour did not dishearten the compatriot of Michael Angelo and Cornetto. Packing up his merchandise he came to New York city and set his nets for the Metropolitan museum, now in Central Park, but then located in Fourteenth street.

It would require too much of the POLICE GAZETTE'S valuable space to dwell upon the negotiations which followed between the ex-consul to Cyprus and the amiable set of fossils constituting the board of directors of the museum in question. Suffice it to say that the collection, having been arranged and jockeyed into favor, and being powerfully backed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, Cesnola attained his object, and not only sold his collection to the museum for the unheard of sum of \$120,000, but was appointed superintendent of the same at a large salary.

Not very long after the above consummation, M. Gaston Feuardent paid a visit to the Metropolitan museum. He had known and, indeed, collaborated with General (?) di Cesnola, in Europe. He knew the whole collection, and was anxious to examine it in its new home. But lo! and behold what a change had come over the familiar relics. The Venuses, Apollos, and Dianas, which in Europe possessed neither arms nor legs, were now fully provided with these appendages; the vases and pitchers formerly without handles, were fully equipped with such; relics found in one place were now credited to another; and the whole collection, in short, bore what he considered evidences of having been plastered up by clever experts. In his interview the Frenchman addressed a letter to the New York Times, charging Di Cesnola with having wilfully patched up and falsified his antiquities for the purpose of giving them a fictitious value.

This was the starting point of the present fight. The letter led to a lengthy newspaper controversy, in which the Tribune took the part of di Cesnola, and the Times that of Feuardent. Clarence Cook, the Tribune's art critic, dissented with Whitelaw Reid on the merits of the case, and left his paper to fight the battle for Feuardent in the Times. The outcome of the whole matter was that an investigation was ordered into M. Feuardent's charges by the board of directors of the Metropolitan museum. These amiable old fogies, it is alleged, were not going to acknowledge that they had been made the dupes of a wily foreigner, and completely whitewashed di Cesnola in their report. Flushed with his success, the latter published a letter in the Tribune over his own signature, accusing Feuardent of being a common thief, and mentioning alleged specific acts of larceny committed by the latter upon him. Feuardent was put "on his ear," and at once commenced a suit for the recovery of \$25,000 damages for libel.

This suit has been in progress for two weeks, during which time the most astounding revelations have been made. Witnesses whose veracity is unimpeachable have testified to numerous surreptitious changes having been made in Di Cesnola's collection, and in fact the workmen employed by the wily Italian to provide legs and heads for his statues have themselves confessed their operations in detail. As a sample of the testimony adduced we may cite the following episode.

Mr. Gehlen, an avowed manufacturer of antiquities, took the stand on the fifth day of the trial, and swore that, under Gen. Di Cesnola's instructions, he had plastered up a number of statues in the Metropolitan museum. A photograph of the statue of a priest was shown to him by plaintiff's counsel. He identified it as being taken from an original which was in great part his handiwork. On it he had placed an arm and hand of stone. He had built up one foot and some toes, and placed on the feet sandals with the lacings. He looked at the photograph carefully, and then turning to Mr. Bangs, who had been examining him, asked: "That picture was taken at the Central Park Museum, wasn't it?" Mr. Bangs couldn't answer, but he could ask, "Why do you ask?" and he did so.

"Because," replied the witness, "it has been changed since I did my work on it." He was not asked to give any details as to the change, but he insisted that its appearance had been materially altered since its removal to Central Park. When asked, at the conclusion of his examination, if stone could not have been used instead of plaster in making the changes detailed, he said it certainly could.

"And why wasn't it?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"Because it was easier to use plaster, and Mr. Di Cesnola was in a hurry to have the figures completed and placed on exhibition for the opening of the museum," naively answered the witness.

It is of course in its bearing on the Metropolitan Museum of Art that this suit will have its most important effect. The museum, though inaugurated by private parties, has been richly endowed by the State. Yet it is run as an essentially aristocratic and exclusive institution. American artists get no show from the incompetent and ignorant managers, and the American public only obtain admission to the museum at all because the charter provides for it. The battle will be a bitter one on both sides, for M. Feuardent is as hot after vengeance as his name, and the directors are naturally anxious to save themselves from the stigma

of having been made tools of. They have employed the most eminent counsel to defend their superintendent, and while the war will be savage, the disbursements will be liberal.

## STABBED TO DEATH UNDER WATER.

A Terrible Struggle Between two Men, on the Bank of a River in Cincinnati.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Early in the evening of Nov. 2 a desperate and fatal struggle occurred between two men on the river bank between the Southern Railroad bridge and the mouth of Millcreek, in Cincinnati. They rolled over into the water, and the under man received a frightful gash in the left side of the neck, that let out his life's blood in less than a half hour. The murdered man was Thomas H. Allen, aged 45 years, who lived with his wife and two children on a shanty boat about fifty yards from the scene of the fust. His opponent and slayer was George Oliver, aged 29 years.

Allen had been living in his boat for over a year, and worked hard making clotheshorses, which he sold about the city. His reputation was that of a sober and industrious man. Oliver is known as a hard case, and has been arrested several times. Two months ago a warrant was issued for his arrest on the charge of assault to kill, and getting wind of it he left the city and went to Coal City, about fifteen miles down the river. Oliver also lives on a shanty boat, and has a wife and no children. In one of the numerous shanty boats on the river bank near Allen's live Oliver's father and mother. Oliver's married sister, Mrs. Jack Edmonds, lives on another boat. The murderer also has a brother, Win Oliver, aged 20 years, who, like the rest, makes his home on a shanty boat. All has not been serene among the inhabitants of the little city of boats for some time and numerous fuses of a trivial character occurred. Oliver approached Allen on the bank and began to quarrel with him. Bill Oliver came in just then with his boat. While Bill was tying up his attention was attracted to his brother and Allen quarreling on the bank, about a half square away. He says he heard Allen cry, "You can't bluff me!" and saw Allen pick up a board. Allen struck George, and broke the board over his head, and then ran toward the water, followed by George. At this Bill started after the men, and Allen's wife, hearing the fust, came out of her boat. Allen and George Oliver clinched as they reached the water's edge, and Bill and Mrs. Allen tried to separate them. Oliver was on top, and Mrs. Allen struck away at him with a board. Bill finally pulled his brother off, and Allen staggered up and caught his wife's hand, but fell on the bank before he had gone a few feet. He was bleeding profusely at the neck. He tried to speak, but only the gurgle of the blood in his throat could be heard by his wife. By this time George Oliver's wife had come to the scene, and taking her he jumped into his skiff and rowed rapidly out into the river. After Oliver's escape a crowd gathered about his victim, and Officer George Neare came up, and seeing Allen's condition, telephoned for the patrol wagon. Allen expired in the wagon before it had gone a half square. Oliver was captured a few hours afterward.

## AN INTERRUPTED LOVE SCENE.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Young Harry Harper, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is a romantic youth, and slightly stage struck. He loves a fair maiden of the thriving city, and there would be no objection to his suit, provided he conducted it in the manner of ordinarily well behaved young men. But he cannot go back on the assertion of his favorite poet, that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Therefore, he conjures up all sorts of obstacles to his wooing. He has imbued his lady love with the same romantic feeling, and instead of the twain meeting by the parlor stove, or hanging over the garden gate, they devise schemes for clandestine nocturnal conferences.

Their latest racket was to do the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." By the aid of an old ladder that was used around the garden these midnight meetings were quite a success for awhile, until the old man tumbled to it. He just packed his charming daughter off to bed in another room, and with a lantern and a club waited in her chamber for the coming Romeo.

The lover came on time, struck an attitude beneath the window, and began quoting:

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun —

This was as far as he got. A sun did arise. It was the son of sweet Juliet's grandfather, and instead of the gushing damsel rushing into the arms of the fond lover, the old man came slowly down the ladder with the lantern and club. Romeo did not stop to be interrupted, but hurried from the scene, quoting:

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."



LAWYER JOHNSON'S DEAD SHOT.

THE UNCLE OF JOHNSON L. LYNCH, WHO WAS KILLED BY AN OUTRAGED HUSBAND AT BATAVIA, COMMITS SUICIDE AT UTICA, N. Y., IN A FIT OF REMORSE AND RUM.—THE SENSATIONAL SEQUEL OF A SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY.



HANGING A DOG.

A CROWD AT DELANO, CAL., PUBLICLY EXECUTE A VIOLENT CUR AFTER GIVING HIM A TRIAL BY JUDGE AND JURY, WITH BENEFIT OF COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.



THE SHOP GIRL'S CHAMPIONS.

HOW THE MALE CLERKS IN A CHICAGO STORE ADMINISTERED JUSTICE TO A FRESH YOUNG NEW YORK DRUMMER WHO TRIED TO MASH ONE OF THE SALESLADIES.



WILLIAM SYKES,

THE WORTHLESS MEMBER OF A HIGH-TONED SOUTHERN FAMILY WHO KILLED HIS MISTRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.



KATE TOWNSEND,

THE QUEEN OF THE NEW ORLEANS DEMI-MONDE, MURDERED BY HER JEALOUS LOVER, WILLIAM SYKES.

[Photos by Washburn, New Orleans.]



NO RIVAL FOR HIM.

WILLIAM SYKES, THE LOVER OF KATE TOWNSEND, THE QUEEN OF THE NEW ORLEANS DEMI-MONDE, BUTCHERS HIS MISTRESS BECAUSE SHE IS TIRED OF HIM AND WANTS TO KEEP ANOTHER PARASITE IN HIS PLACE.

## THE PRIZE RING.

## Prospects of a Match between Paddy Ryan and Herbert A. Slade.

## Ryan Coming to the Front with a Good Record—Sullivan's Narrow Escape from Being a Priest.

There is another boom in the prize ring, and sporting circles all over the country are agitated over a proposed prize fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan with gloves, and a mill between Herbert A. Slade and Paddy Ryan for \$5,000. A few days ago it was publicly announced that John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, in conjunction with Al. Smith, the manager of the Sullivan combination, had decided to match Slade, the Maori, to fight any man in the world for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. It created a furor when the intelligence was flashed from the Far West, and it put all the sporting men thinking. After the news was spread there was another sensation. Richard K. Fox, on learning of Sullivan's resolve, lost no time in deciding to find a champion, and having been informed that Ryan was eager to redeem the name and title of champion pugilist which he won in June, 1880, at Collier's Station, W. Va., and lost Feb. 7, 1882, agreed to match him to fight Slade for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America. On November 7, the following despatch was received from Paddy Ryan, Nov. 7, 1883:

HOT SPRINGS, Utah.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York:

I accept your offer to back me to fight Herbert A. Slade for \$2,500. I shall be ready to arrange the match as soon as Slade's backers post a forfeit. Put up your money with Wm. F. McCoy, and notify Slade to send on a representative, and then arrange the match. I will fight any time after the 20th of January, in any State in America. After my glove contest with Sullivan I shall be ready to fight any man in the world, Sullivan prefers.

PADDY RYAN.

On receiving this despatch Richard K. Fox posted \$500 deposit with Wm. F. McCoy, the popular sporting man, of 91 South street, and sent the following letter to John L. Sullivan and Al. Smith his manager and backer:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,  
NEW YORK Nov 7, 1883.)

To John L. Sullivan and Al. Smith:

Having read in the Louisville and Cincinnati newspapers that you are eager to match Herbert A. Slade to fight Paddy Ryan for \$2,500 a side, allow me to inform you that I telegraphed Ryan at Hot Springs, Utah, stating I would back him if he would meet Slade. In reply I have received the following despatch:

HOT SPRINGS, Utah.

I accept your offer to back me to fight Slade for \$2,500 a side. After my glove contest with Sullivan I will fight either Sullivan or Slade. Sullivan preferred.

PADDY RYAN.

On receipt of this despatch I posted \$500 forfeit with Wm. F. McCoy (who I hereafter prefer for final stakeholder, knowing he will suit you), and as soon as you cover the money my representative will meet any one you delegate to settle the preliminaries for the match. I prefer the match shall be for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America; the pugilists to fight at catch-weight, with bare knuckles, according to the London prize ring rules. The fight to be decided within 100 miles of New Orleans or Omaha, in February or March, Wm. F. McCoy, of New York, to be final stakeholder, and appoint a referee if one cannot be mutually agreed upon. Hoping you will attend to this matter in a business like manner, and not go back on your offers made in Cincinnati, I am yours truly,

RICHARD K. FOX.

This communication was forwarded to Sullivan and Al. Smith on November 7, and upon a reply being received, a match will no doubt be arranged. Ryan is stopping at Hot Springs, Utah, for two weeks, under the management of Chas. E. Davies. He will go on to San Francisco and give several exhibitions.

That Paddy Ryan is in earnest and means business can be judged by the fact that he is going through a thorough course of training at Ogden, Utah. He rises at 6:30 every morning and after a bath and partaking of a fresh egg beaten up in sherry, indulges in a short walk at 7 A. M. and breakfasts. Half an hour later he drinks a glass of hot spring water. He then, in company with Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, and Paddy Kane, his trainer, starts out with a gun in search of ducks, deer and rabbits and covers probably ten or twelve miles. On the return he gives Kane his gun and he starts off at a brisk walk, which he keeps up until one mile from his stopping place, and then he runs the balance of the journey. He is then stripped and indulges in a hot plunge bath, is rolled for ten minutes in blankets and then thoroughly rubbed down. At 12:30 the pugilist sits down to dinner of the best that money can buy. In the afternoon he goes up the mountains on a tramp for two hours. On his return he fights the bag, pushes dumbbells, and then takes a hot bath in spring water, at a temperature of 120 degrees. Ryan, since Charles E. Davies has been his manager, is a greatly improved man; and when he meets Sullivan at Boston, the champion will find him a far different piece of muscular mechanism than when he toed the mark with him at New Orleans.

Paddy Ryan, the ex champion pugilist, has created quite a sensation in Utah and Montana, by knocking out J. K. Waite, a pugilist who has gained quite a reputation lately in prize ring circles. Under the management of Chas. E. Davies, Ryan's combination gave a show recently at the Comique, in Butte, Montana. The wind-up was between Ryan and Waite. When the "Parson," in his blandest tones introduced the two men, each was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Never did Montana's champion handle himself better or show off to better advantage. Notwithstanding the difference of nearly seventy pounds in the weight of the two men—Ryan being that much the heavier—that difference seemed to disappear when they began to measure their skill with each other. Waite's well-knit, muscular and elastic form appeared, at times, to tower over his giant antagonist. He planted his blows when and where he pleased, but it was like the whirlwind playing with a granite shaft—the shaft remaining immovable while the whirlwind spent its force. During the second round both men clinched, and the referee ordered the men to break. Each let go his hold, walked a step or two from each other, and turning, resumed the sparring until sent to their cor-

ners. When time was called for the third and last round it was evident from the start there was going to be no child's play. Waite threw out his left and right hands with some effect on Paddy's temper, if not on his flesh, while Paddy settled his neck an inch or two down in his shoulders and made some lunges at Waite, which had they taken effect would have sent the Butte athlete down.

Coming to close quarters, the men again clinched, and again the referee called out "break." Immediately both men broke their hold and Waite, dropping his arms to his side, turned to walk toward his corner, when Paddy dealt him what seemed a very light blow on the neck, and Waite fell like a log. Paddy immediately reached down, raised Waite to his feet and walked with him to the dressing room. Much feeling was manifested among the audience on account of this incident. While it was plainly evident Waite did not look for or expect the blow, we do not think it can be fairly charged that Paddy intended to take such a seemingly unfair advantage of his manly opponent. He had nothing to make and much to lose by taking it. Paddy was undoubtedly somewhat excited and not a little "rattled" by the spirited exercise the Butte boy had given him, and it is quite as fair and much more charitable to suppose that in his excitement "the rule" was uppermost in his mind, that when a break is effected, fighting immediately recommences. But be this as it may, and notwithstanding the "knock down," Waite showed there was good leather in him, and the general verdict was he outspared his giant antagonist.

Ryan was looked upon as a hero after he left the show and Davies was all smiles. The *Miner*, of Butte, says: Chas. E. Davies would pass anywhere for a bank cashier or a shrewd broker, and if shaved and rigged out in a suit of black with a white necktie, and mounted on a quiet beast with saddle bags pendant from the horn of his saddle, he would be recognized in the West as an itinerant preacher, and every yellow-legged chicken would fly from his presence like quails a hawk.

Quite a crowd assembled at the sporting rooms of Patsy Hogan at San Francisco, on Oct. 26, to witness a glove fight between Ed Scott and Henry Dawson, Marquis of Queensberry rules, hard gloves. The ring was only 14 feet square, and much too small for the purpose. Hogan was selected referee, and a Mr. Fitzgerald timekeeper. Two minutes were allowed for each round, with three-quarters of a minute rest. The contest was one of the squarest that has taken place there for some time. Scott is a smaller man than Dawson, but showed considerable skill. The fight was strongly made by both. Scott got in several good right-handers, which staggered Dawson. The latter appeared exhausted after the sixth round, and it was evident Scott would win. Dawson rallied during the seventh and eighth rounds, and did some good hitting, but after the ninth the fight was declared in Scott's favor.

It now appears that Wm. Sheriff does not care about fighting Joe Pendleton, the Brooklyn Hercules. Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, and a large delegation of sporting men called upon Richard K. Fox recently, and Johnson was eager to know if Arthur Chambers had covered his \$250 that he had left to match Pendleton to fight Sheriff. On being informed that the Prussian's backer had not done so, Johnson stated that he would leave his \$250 to back up a challenge to match Pendleton against Barney Maguire's unknown, Capt. James C. Daly. Paddy Ryan, or Slade, or any pugilist in America. Pendleton is eager to fight, and there are several thousand dollars in Brooklyn and this city to back him.

Since the glove contest at Harry Hill's between the colored pugilist Johnston, better known as the Black Star, and Barney McGuire's Unknown, there has been quite a lot of talk about the Unknown's ability to down the colored champion. In regard to the set-to J. J. Flynn, the noted Bowery sporting man, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

"I will back my Big One against McGuire's Unknown from \$500 upward. I am also willing to back young McGuire against Harry Streets, Queensberry rules, to a finish, \$250 against \$200, or for a purse." J. J. FLYNN, 103 Bowery.

Boston boasts of having a pugilist who sporting men claim to be only second to John L. Sullivan. He rejoices in the name of John Kilrean. Stands 5 feet, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height, and weighs 175 pounds. On Oct. 26, the members of the Crib club of Boston offered a purse for Kilrean and Jim Goode, the latest aspirant for pugilistic fame from England. Goode, in condition, weighs 142 pounds, consequently he was heavily handicapped in facing such a pugilist as Kilrean. Many of the sporting lions of Boston, however, were confident that Goode would vanquish Kilrean. The competition was with gloves, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, six rounds, each of three minutes' duration, with an interval of one minute between. The prize was announced to be a gold cup. Mr. W. J. Mahoney, of the Commercial Athletic club, was the master of ceremonies. Among the professionals present were Joe Goss, ex-champion of England, and several other well known sparring partners. Kilrean was the taller and heavier man, and appeared in fine condition, while Goode had not been overlooked in preparation. At the outset, Goode opened as if he intended to force business, and the challenge thus given was at once accepted by Kilrean. A rattling exchange of compliments filled the time of the round, which closed in favor of Goode, Kilrean showing evidence of being winded. Goode proved himself not only an excellent sparer, but a very clever expert in using the "points of the game," for, discovering that Kilrean's wind was not as good as his own, he repeatedly got in heavy body blows without a return, and, on Kilrean forcing the struggle and rushing forward, frequently ducked and gave him a shoulder to run against, thus winding him still more. Both men showed good science and pluck, and when the third round had closed it was Goode's turn to pant and feel the effect of the exertion. Kilrean rallied in the fourth round and seemed to have the best of the battle at that stage of the contest. A tablespoonful of brandy braced Goode for the fifth round, and he began work on Kilrean as if he intended to "wind up" at once. The big man responded with such vim and effect, however, that, after they had fought all over the ring and been rushed upon the ropes in turn, "time" was called, with honors easy. The last round was one of the most interesting of the exhibition, and the contestants were in better shape for it than when they closed the third. Goode's tactics were unavailing, and notwithstanding his experience and knowledge of "points," Kilrean stood up to him gamely, and when 24 minutes had expired and the men had taken their seats, it was impossible to say that either had excelled the other. A "draw" was therefore declared.

If the conditions had not called for a limited number of rounds, and the pugilists had been ordered to grapple to a finish, there is no knowing who would

have won. The mill, if we may be allowed to call it such, was interesting and proved that Goode is a ratter at his weight and that Kilrean will yet be heard from if he follows the uncertainties of the prize ring.

At St. Louis on Sunday, Nov. 4, Sullivan filled the position of pitcher in a baseball game. He had injured or strained his arm the evening previous in attempting to knock out Miles, a local pugilist of St. Louis in two minutes for a wager of \$50, in which he succeeded and could not do the "nine" he represented justice, but he served the purpose, and thousands paid to see and greet the champion. After the game he was interviewed and the following is what the champion said:

"You will be surprised when I tell you that my parents desired to educate me for the Catholic priesthood, and with this in view sent me to Boston College, a Catholic institution, connected with the Church of the Immaculate Conception. If I had completed the course then I would have been admitted to the Holy Cross College. I was young—only about 16 or 17—and I had a leaning toward athletic sports. I attended college two or three months, but as I could make \$30 or \$40 a week at playing ball and other athletic games I threw my books aside and gave myself up to it. That is how I got into the baseball profession, and I left school for good and all. From the baseball business I drifted into boxing and pugilism. I have made a great deal of money and spent a great deal, and I have had plenty of 'fun,' as it is called, but I came to a point where I concluded that I had better stop, and I did. Then I concluded to open my saloon in Boston and settle down to business. Of course, boxing is my business, just the same as journalism is yours."

"Do you think that the public can be brought to look at your profession in a different light, and are you trying to have them do so?"

"Certainly. I would like to see it elevated and placed on a different sphere. I have a project on foot that I am not at liberty to mention now, whereby I hope before long to see as many ladies as gentlemen at our athletic exhibitions."

Sullivan described one of his experiences at Altoona, Pa., recently, as follows:

"There was some kind of a meeting in progress among the Baptist preachers, and a good many of them stopped at the same hotel where myself and my party were registered. Some of them were regular fanatics. One day at dinner Gillespie sat at the table with some of them, and of course they did not know he was with the combination. Myself and wife were at an adjoining table. One of them said: 'I don't see how such a pretty woman could marry such a fellow.' Another said: 'Look at the countenance he has. Just look at his hand—it's covered with hair, and he is a regular bully.' That night I met several of them in the hallway, and a couple of them stopped me and wanted to know if I did not see the error of my way, and know what end I would eventually come to. I listened to them, and when through I said that I thought my way of robbing the people about as clever as theirs, and on the whole it didn't make much difference. They didn't bother me the balance of the time I spent in Altoona."

Speaking of his future engagements, he said that he was matched to fight Prof. Miller, the Australian Greco-Roman wrestler and boxer, who is now on his way from the antipodes to meet him. After he has concluded his season in San Francisco, he will make a tour through California and return to the East, giving exhibitions at the principal towns en route. Back East again, he expects to give Sheriff, the Prussian, a "go," as he has promised to meet him, and he may also have to fight Pendleton, the young Brooklyn Hercules, as his friends seem desirous to have him fly at the top of the heap. Then he has an engagement to knock out his old antagonist, Paddy Ryan, in four rounds, the match to take place in Boston.

Speaking of Mace's challenge to Sullivan, Al. Smith, the latter's representative, said: "The truth of the matter is this: When Mace was here before I was his firm, fast friend, and was his umpire when he faced Coburn in Canada, and until I saw Sullivan I thought he was the best man in the world. When he first talked of meeting Sullivan, which was before the Maori went against him, he came to me and said: 'I want to meet this young fellow, Sullivan, but I don't want to be knocked out. It would break my heart if I was. Now, I want you to fix it so I won't.'

"I told him it was no use to talk to Sullivan on this subject, but he urged me, saying: 'Won't you see him and tell him that after the four rounds are over I will get up and say he is the best man I ever met, and the coming champion?'" I replied: "Jem, why not go against him on the dead square? We can pack Madison Square garden at \$2 a ticket for common seats. It will hold \$20,000, and suppose you do get knocked out, we will split the receipts in two with you, and you will have \$10,000 for your trouble!" He asked me to give him until next day to think it over, and I did so. The next night he met me and urged me to see Sullivan about his proposition, as it would break his heart to be knocked out. To oblige him, I went to Boston, where Sullivan was training for his fight with the Maori, and delivered Mace's message, saying, as I did so: "Now, do as you please about it."

"There is only one thing I will do about it," answered Sullivan, "and that is I will do my best and let him do the same. All I have ever made has been by doing this, and I won't quit to oblige Mr. Mace." "I met Mace and told him what John said. After Sullivan beat the Maori, Mace resumed his challenges. One day I met him and said: 'Jem, you had better accept our proposition. You are getting to be an old man, and in a year or two no one will believe that you will have any chance to fight Sullivan. You had better make this \$10,000 while you can.' He refused again to meet Sullivan on the square, saying that he was the wonder of the world, and it would break his heart to be knocked out by him. When he issued his challenge to meet Sullivan in three matches, he said to me, 'Don't mind what I say or do, I have to make some money, and this is the best way to do it.' John would be only too happy to meet him with the gloves, but it would have to be on the square."

NO ATTENTIONS REQUIRED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ballet girls at Niblo's have recently been pestered by a little dude friend of the managers, who has the run of the stage, and who persists in making love to anything in petticoats he comes across. The other night he followed one of the girls to the door of her dressing room, pestering her with his attentions, when, on a preconcerted signal, the girls rushed out upon him and fired him bodily down stairs. He has not been anything like so numerous around since, and the girls hope he won't break out again. If he does, they swear they will tar and feather him, and sell him to a dime museum as a dodo.

## MISSING MARY AT HOME.

Col. Churchill's Daughter Discovered in the Laundry of an Insane Asylum.

The mystery surrounding the strange disappearance of Mary Churchill from her home in St. Louis, on August 19 last, was solved on Nov. 4 by the finding of the long lost girl in an asylum in Indianapolis. Miss Churchill applied for a position in that institution on Sept. 1, and on being told that there was no chance for her she burst into tears and seemed greatly disappointed. Superintendent Fletcher was so favorably impressed with the girl's appearance and actions that he made a place for her in the ironing department of the hospital, where she has since been employed. When she presented herself at the hospital she had with her a copy of the "Life of Marie Antoinette," and pursued such a course of reading—preferring biographies, classical works and books on Grecian mythology, &c.—that the superintendent was convinced from the first that there was a history connected with the girl, and has allowed her every privilege, although until last night he never suspected her identity, she having persisted that her name was "Jennie Lockwood." When permitted to practice at the piano she played the most difficult music, and her conduct in every particular was such as to strengthen the suspicion of the superintendent that "Jennie Lockwood" the ironing girl, was the possessor of a superior education and the petted child of wealthy parents.

The description of Mary Churchill falling under his observation, he at once noticed the similarity, and without approaching the girl on the subject notified the police. A journalist from St. Louis then called at the asylum and identified the girl fully, and, with her consent, her parents were notified.

Col. Churchill, Mary's father, immediately went to Indianapolis and met his missing child. It is needless to say that the scene was a very affecting one. She accompanied her overjoyed father to the bosom of his family in St. Louis on Nov. 5, and on their arrival the reclaimed daughter received a "regular ovation" at the hands of her many personal friends. An immense number of curious people called at her residence and insisted upon taking part in the levee. The meeting between Mary and her mother was a pathetic scene, the young girl breaking down thoroughly for the first time since her discovery.

She still refuses to state why she ran away from home. She says nobody but herself knows the motive for her flight, and the secret shall not pass her lips. The departure was not a sudden freak, but had been planned deliberately, the girl secreting clothes several days before her departure, and on the day of leaving she put on two sets of underwear as the easiest way of getting the garments out of the house without discovery. Her disguise had also been carefully planned.

Colonel Churchill, in answer to the query as to whether Mary would remain at home, said: "Certainly. If she prefers to go back to work I have no intention to prevent her. She has not spoken about the matter but I am pretty sure she will stay. Her mother was good to her, but she had certain rules which she wished Mary to observe. Her mother knew that nobody could become a good musician without sufficient practice, and she made her play four hours a day. She insisted that Mary should practice two hours before breakfast, and for an hour and a half or two hours after supper. But I think she had little other trouble."

## FRANK DUBOIS' TRIAL.

The Hybrid of Waupun, Wis., Threatened with Tar and Feathers.

[With Portrait.]

The wonderful case of Mr. Frank Dubois, the female in man's clothing, who married, after deserting her husband, a young lady of Waupun, Wis., Miss Gertie Hewitt by name, has already been related in the POLICE GAZETTE. Although two weeks have passed since the recognition of "Frank" by Hudson, her husband, the interest in the affair remains unabated. Mr. and Mrs. Dubois, upon the discovery of the former's sex, packed up their effects and disappeared. Mrs. Hewitt, the mother of Gertie, obtained information that the fugitives were stopping at Stockbridge, and she proceeded there with a number of citizens. The latter surrounded the house where they were supposed to be, but on entering, the wife, Gertie, alone was found, Dubois having been ordered away the night previous. Mrs. Hewitt says if the "thing," as she calls Dubois, shows up in the vicinity of Waupun he will be tarred and feathered. Gertie still persists that he is a man, but says she will give him up and return with her mother. Mrs. C. N. Dethick, of Hyde Park, step-mother of Mrs. Frank Dubois Hudson, says that when young she acted more like a boy than a girl, and was so wild she "never could keep track of her." She was by birth Cordelia Dethick, and is now thirty-four years old. She has eloped before with two or three men, but Hudson has hunted her up and brought her back. We publish an excellent portrait of the "man-woman" in the present number.

## I'VE DONE THIS THING.

A Lawyer Suicides after Brooding Over the Batavia Tragedy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Oh, he's dead," exclaimed a terror stricken young woman, as she dashed out of the office of Arthur B. Johnson, a lawyer and well known politician, of Utica, N. Y., about ten o'clock in the morning, on November 3. The affrighted female was Miss Lena Bender, the private secretary and alleged mistress of Johnson.

The latter was lying on the floor dead, with a pistol wound in his breast, the weapon resting on one side of the suicide's prostrate form, with a copy of Gray's *Automy* on the other. Johnson was an uncle of Johnson L. Lynch, who was fatally shot by E. Newton Rowell, at Batavia, a few days before. Rowell believed Lynch, who was of Utica, to have improper relations with his wife, and fired a ball through his body. It is surmised that this tragedy worked upon Johnson's mind, which has been somewhat unsettled of late, and that in a spasmodic aberration he committed the act. Mr. Johnson, it is said, has been addicted to periodical sprees. He would drink no liquor for months at a time, but when he began tipping it was sure to result in a heavy debauch of a week or more. Grief at the disgraceful death of his nephew drove Johnson to his cups. Mr. Johnson was about 60 years old, and is reported to have possessed about \$1,000,000. Johnson married Judge Ward Hunt's daughter, who, with four children, survive him.

In speaking of Mr. Johnson's condition for the past few days, Miss Bender said:

"When I reached the office Wednesday morning I took in the papers, and Mr. Johnson asked me to read to him. The first thing I saw was the account of the shooting of Johnson L. Lynch by E. Newton Rowell, at Batavia. Mr. Johnson was terribly affected by the news, and has not appeared at all like himself since. He was at our house yesterday and wept for hours, ejaculating 'Poor boy! Poor boy! How I loved that boy!'

He said to Miss Bender, "Do you want another John Lynch case here?"

She replied, "What do you mean. Are you threatening to kill yourself?"

He said, "No; circumstances are such that they will not allow of such a case here."

Miss Bender says she then hid his revolver. In conversation afterward Mr. Johnson said:

"I have handled firearms for years, and would know how to kill myself."

After some talk about the different means of committing suicide, Mr. Johnson said:

"The cleanest way is to stick a penknife into the neck and pierce the artery, and let the blood run into the throat."

In brooding over the death of Mr. Lynch, Mr. Johnson said: "John Lynch is at peace. The dead are at rest."

He quoted the words of Shakespeare, "If it were done when it is done, then it were well it were done quickly."

He was a great reader of Shakespeare, and several times repeated the following from "Macbeth":

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this pretty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

Miss Bender stated that in looking over the papers in the office, she found one written by Mr. Johnson, which read:

"I myself have done this thing. Please ask no questions about it."

His family ranks among the first in Utica. Mr. Johnson, although in early life a Democrat, was a well known Republican politician, who had always been an intimate friend and staunch supporter of Roscoe Conkling. He was for many years a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and was noted for undeviating allegiance to the Stalwart cause. During the excitement over the division of the Republican party into the two factions of Stalwarts and Half-breed, many of the plans and future moves of the Stalwarts were made public through some unknown channel. It is now alleged that Miss Bender communicated some of Conkling's plans learned through Johnson to outside parties. Mr. Johnson was also a heavy loser in an American district messenger scheme, said to have been planned by ex-Governor Cornell, and the exposure of which made such a sensation last year. He invested in the stock, to use his own language, "at the request and assurance of Mr. Cornell."

## THEIR SECOND HONEYMOON AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

Thirty-five years ago John Bantwell wedded and wed Miss Jane Campbell, near Elamville, Alabama. After a few months of wedded life, the couple parted, owing to the wife's jealousy. Mr. Bantwell took up his residence in Dale county, where he married, became the father of a large family, and accumulated a competency. Mrs. Bantwell remained in her old home, and after a few years became the wife of a man named Johnson. All this took place without preliminary of divorce. Recently the second Mrs. Bantwell died, as did Mr. Johnson, thus leaving the original parties single once more. Bantwell became greatly embarrassed, and was in danger of losing all his property through the claims of his creditors. In this emergency he went to his first wife, represented his situation, and urged her to resume their relations which had never been legally broken off, and thus by taking advantage of the laws protecting the wife in the homestead, he could keep out of ruin. The lady agreed to the proposition, and the couple are now finishing the honeymoon so rudely interrupted thirty-five years ago.

## MAKING INCENDIARISM PAY.

[With Portrait.]

H. G. Jaqruss is biding in some portion of this terrestrial sphere with about \$150,000, which he has managed to obtain in a very illegal manner. Last January, it is said, he set fire to his own granary at Poseyville, Ind., and forced a number of insurance companies to pay him the insurance thereon. After this he skedaddled, leaving, moreover, numerous debts. A large reward is offered for his apprehension by the authorities of Poseyville.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE.  
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*The Mysteries of the Theatre Unveiled by an Old Insider, and Superbly Illustrated. The opening Chapters of this Superb and Fascinating Work appear in*

**FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,**  
No. 31, Out Nov. 10. Price 5 Cents.

H. H., St. Louis, Mo.—1. No. 2. No.

"Old Spook," Baltimore, Md.—No, he did not.

S. C., Boston, Mass.—B is entitled to the stakes.

W. B. J., Jamestown, N. Y.—Never that we know of.

H. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—Billy Madden trained Sullivan.

F. T., —.—Chris Lillie and Tom McCoy fought Sept. 3, 1842.

A. B., Waco, Texas.—Dr. Kahn, No. 713 Broadway, New York city.

M. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—Harry Jennings has no book on the subject.

F. A. B., New Orleans, La.—P. loses. They are brothers-in-law.

H. M., Leavenworth.—John Brown was hung on December 2, 1859.

H. D. G., Portland, Oregon.—1. Yes. 2. He defeated Augustus Schell.

T. J. M., Lattimer, Pa.—Send 50 cents and we will forward you the book.

P. O., Glendale, Montana.—Tom Hyer died in New York city, June 26, 1864.

W. K., Detroit, Mich.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  in in his stockings.

S. M. G., New York.—"B" is not entitled to a shot, "A" having run out the game.

W. K., Glen Carbon, Pa.—By writing to the editor of *Bell's Life*, London, England.

E. C., Waterville, N. J.—We can supply you with the book. Price, by mail, 50c.

E. C. H., Wooster, Ohio.—We can furnish you with the book. Price, by mail, 50c.

J. E. LA LOWE, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Maud S's fastest time for a mile is 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

J. B. G. T., Fort Clark, Texas.—He cannot swing two 115 lbs clubs at the same time.

B. B. H., Newark, N. J.—Charley Norton is the lightweight champion of America.

C. S., Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.—There is no harm as far as we know of. It is done frequently.

G. E., Denver, Col.—1. Joe Wormald did forfeit £120 to Jim Mace. 2. On Sept. 10, 1865.

"TANUL" F. M., Fort McKinney.—We can furnish you with a book. Price, by mail, 75c.

P. V., Browning, Akron, O.—Write to the Marvin Safe Co., No. 265 Broadway, New York city.

D. M., Brownsville, Texas.—1. No. 2. John C. Heenan never won a fight, and you lose.

SUBSCRIBER, Newport, R. I.—Maud S trotted a mile against time, in harness, accompanied by running horse, in 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$  at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1861.

W. S., Braintree, Ill.—Write to Andrew Daugherty, No. 80 Centre street, New York city.

A. D., Nebraska City, Neb.—The horse that comes in second in the fine heat is entitled to second money.

READER, New York.—John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson boxed at Madison Square Garden, July 17, 1882.

J. F. S., Montreal, Canada.—Write to Dr. Ed. C. Spitz, No. 137 East Fiftieth street, New York city.

A STRANGER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Prof. T. F. Kerrigan, No. 316 West Forty-second street, New York city.

S. B., Clarkburg, W. Va.—They are too numerous to mention. 2. Frank Hart has gone to England.

S. W. C., Edwards Station, Ill.—We can furnish you with a book containing the rules. Price, by mail, 10c.

R. A. S., New York city.—1. Yes. 2. Empire City gymnasium, Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue, N. Y. city.

H. J., Memphis, Tenn., and F. A. G., Boston, Mass. We don't publish challenges unless accompanied by a forfeit.

J. S., Paris, Mich.—Jimmy Elliott, who was shot by Jere Dunn, is the same man who fought the party you refer to.

M. W., Lockport, N. Y.—1. Goldsmith Mald's best record is 2:14.

2. She has had three foals, and is now 26 years old.

SUBSCRIBER, Ketchum, Idaho.—Charley Mitchell weighed about 160 lbs when he boxed with John L. Sullivan.

M. W. G., Oceans, N. Y.—Hanlan was disqualified for fouling in the Citizens' annual Fourth of July regatta, in 1877.

SUBSCRIBER, Farmington, Me.—He is entitled to the record providing the track is governed by the Association rules.

P. S., Christi street, city.—W. Perkins, of London, England, walked a mile in 6m 23s. This is the best on record.

J. R., St. John, N. B.—Send us a good photograph and his record, and we will publish it in the POLICE GAZETTE.

C. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. The first Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774. 2. You are mistaken.

"LADY," Placeville, Idaho.—John L. Sullivan was trained by Billy Madden and Joe Goss for his fight with Paddy Ryan.

J. E. G., Hamilton, Ontario.—We never saw the picture you refer to, and therefore cannot inform you where it is to be had.

M. W., Rochester, N. Y.—On Oct. 20 Wm. G. George ran one mile at Little Bridge grounds, London, England, in 4m 25 4-5s.

"KNO," Camp Poplar River, Mon. Ty.—John Wood, No. 298 Bowery, Mora, Union square, and Fay, Broadway, New York city.

C. A. L., Fort Hays, Kansas.—Wash your hands twice or three times a day in alum water, then rub them well with powdered rosin.

TORE "A," Fort Washakie, Wyoming Ty.—John C. Heenan died October 28, 1873, at Green River station, Wyoming Territory.

H. W. H., Baltimore, Md.—Central Park, New York city, contains 862 acres, and Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, contains 2,792 acres.

H. L., Middletown, N. Y.—1. Ryan and Sullivan fought 9 rounds in 1m. 2. The battle was not fought in Louisiana, but Mississipi.

M. S., Camden, N. J.—Tom Hyer fought George McClester, who was better known as County McCloskey, September 9, 1841.

A. E., Hornesdale, Pa.—Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, stands 5 ft 5 in, and weighs 142 lbs in condition.

CONSTANT READER, New York city.—Best pacing record, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$ , made by Little Brown Jug, in harness, at Hartford, Conn., August 24, 1881.

J. L., Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan weighed 195 lbs and Paddy Ryan 193 lbs, when they fought at New Orleans.

C. B. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Slade's arrangement with the Sullivan combination is that he is to receive \$1,000 for four months and expenses.

R. D. R. H., Shenandoah, Pa., and H. T., Satank, Col.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York city, and you can obtain the information.

P. E., St. Louis, Mo.—The British merchant navy comprises 3,300 steam vessels and over 20,500 sailing vessels, representing a tonnage of 10,170,357.

W. H., Boston.—At the time Cummings ran a mile in 4m 16 1-5s, at Preston, England, he trotted the last 200 yards and turned round to look at Duddle.

C. A., Boston, Mass.—1. Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss fought on June 1, 1880, at Collier's Station, West Virginia. 2. Ryan won in 87 rounds, lasting 1h 24m. 3. No.

A. B., Troy, N. Y.—Lois Montes was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1818. Her parents were English on the paternal and Spanish on the maternal side.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—John L. Sullivan and John Flood fought on May 16, 1881. John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought on the 7th of February, 1882.

A. C., Chicago.—Joe Coburn was set at liberty on Sept. 8, 1882. He was sentenced March 6, 1877, to serve ten years, but the time was reduced on account of good conduct.

F. B., —.—Bob Brettle and Jim Mace fought September 21, 1882. Bob Brettle and Tom Sayers fought September 20, 1882. Sayers won in 7 rounds, lasting 19 minutes.

SUBSCRIBER, —.—The Two Thousand Guineas was won in 1880 by Petronel, and in 1881 by Peregrine. The Derby was won in 1880 by Bend Or, and in 1881 by Iroquois.

J. H., Egypt, Ill.—Charley Gallagher defeated Tom Allen, near St. Louis, in February, 1883, by knocking him out of time in the second round. The battle lasted three minutes.

W. J. D., State Line Mills, Pa.—We are not in position to inform you. Write to H. H. Stoddard, "Police Gazette" Annex, Syracuse.

D. L., Jersey City, N. J.—The Messrs. Rothschild, taken as a firm, are the wealthiest in the world. W. H. Vanderbilt individually is the richest man in the world, and Jay Gould comes next.

M. W., South Boston, Mass.—Why, Izzy Lazarus died in this city Sept. 26, 1867, you must have been misinformed, for Harry Lazarus was murdered in Houston street, this city, Jan. 3, 1865.

A. A., Fall River, Mass.—1. The first race for the Oaks in England was in 1779, when it was won by Budget. 2. Spinaway was the winner of the One Thousand Guineas in 1875, and also won the Oaks. 3. No.

W. B. CAREEN.—1. Rule 20 of the London Prize Ring rules does stipulate that the referee and umpire shall take their positions outside the ropes, in front of the centre stakes, and A loses. 2. Yes.

H. W., Wyoming, Pa.—1. Capt. Barclay, in December, 1880, accomplished thefeat of walking 100 miles in 19 hours over rough road. 2. Seventeen hours thirty minutes, exclusive of the hour and a half he rested.

T. H. S., South Brooklyn, N. Y.—Joe Coburn and Jim Mace met at Port Ryerson, Canada, May 11, 1871. After standing in the ring for 1h 17m, without a single blow, the military appeared and the fight was stopped.

W. C. S., London, Ontario, Canada.—Tug Wilson received half of the receipts of the house and \$1,000 extra from Sullivan for staying the four rounds. Sullivan got the other half and divided it with Billy Madden.

G. N. C., Danbury, Iowa.—1. Billy Edwards and Sam



A FORCED MARRIAGE.

HOW "PROFESSOR" JAKE BONSALL, A PENNSYLVANIA DESPERADO, COMPELLED A FRIGHTENED CLERGYMAN TO PERFORM THE NUPTIAL CEREMONIES.

## Richard O'Gorman.

Richard O'Gorman, better known as Dick Gorman among professionals, was born in the Fourth ward of New York city, in 1853. When a boy, he was noted as a hard worker at his books, and having graduated at the head of his class in the public school, was about to enter the College of New York for a five years classical course, having in view the profession of medicine, when his father, a very estimable gentleman, died, leaving quite a large family and an aged widow. Richard was the eldest son, and

owing to the circumstances the family were left in, was obliged to abandon his contemplated college course and go to work to assist in the support of his mother and younger brothers and sisters. This he did with a will, and ever since he was 16 years of age, he has been the mainstay of the family. In 1872, at the age of 19, he adopted the stage for a living, and has proved himself one of the ablest in the country in his peculiar line, that of a German comedian and character artist. At present he has a very lucrative position in the "Pap" company, better known as Rice's Surprise Party. In 1878 he opened, in



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

## Mlle. NIXAU.

[Photo by Mora.]

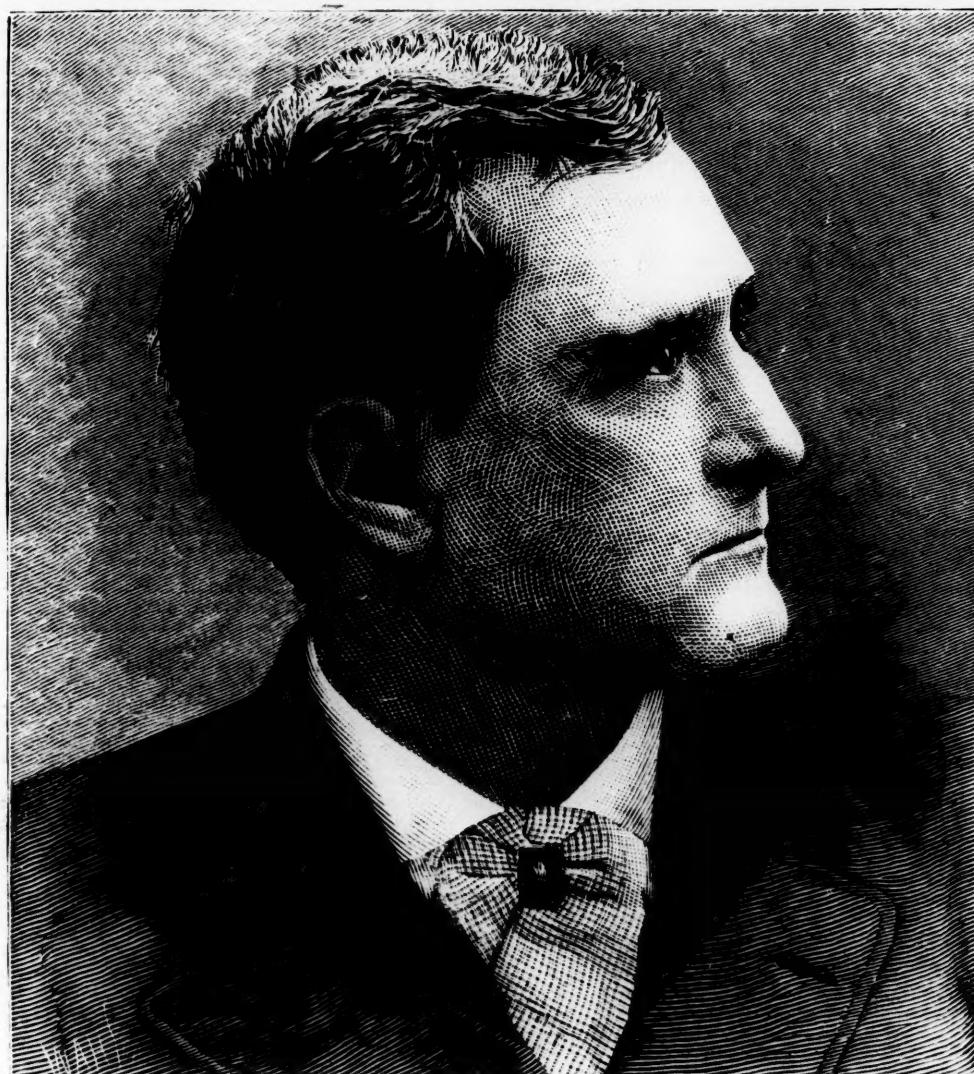
conjunction with a former associate, a first class variety theatre in Philadelphia, but through the fact of putting too much confidence in others, the theatre was given up by him after running it for about one year. He is the author of several excellent little sketches.

## Mlle. Nixau.

Mlle. Nixau is the young and charming rival of Almee, in whose support she came to this country. She has now married a wealthy man and retired from the stage. Next season she is

expected to be back again as her husband is not a billionaire.

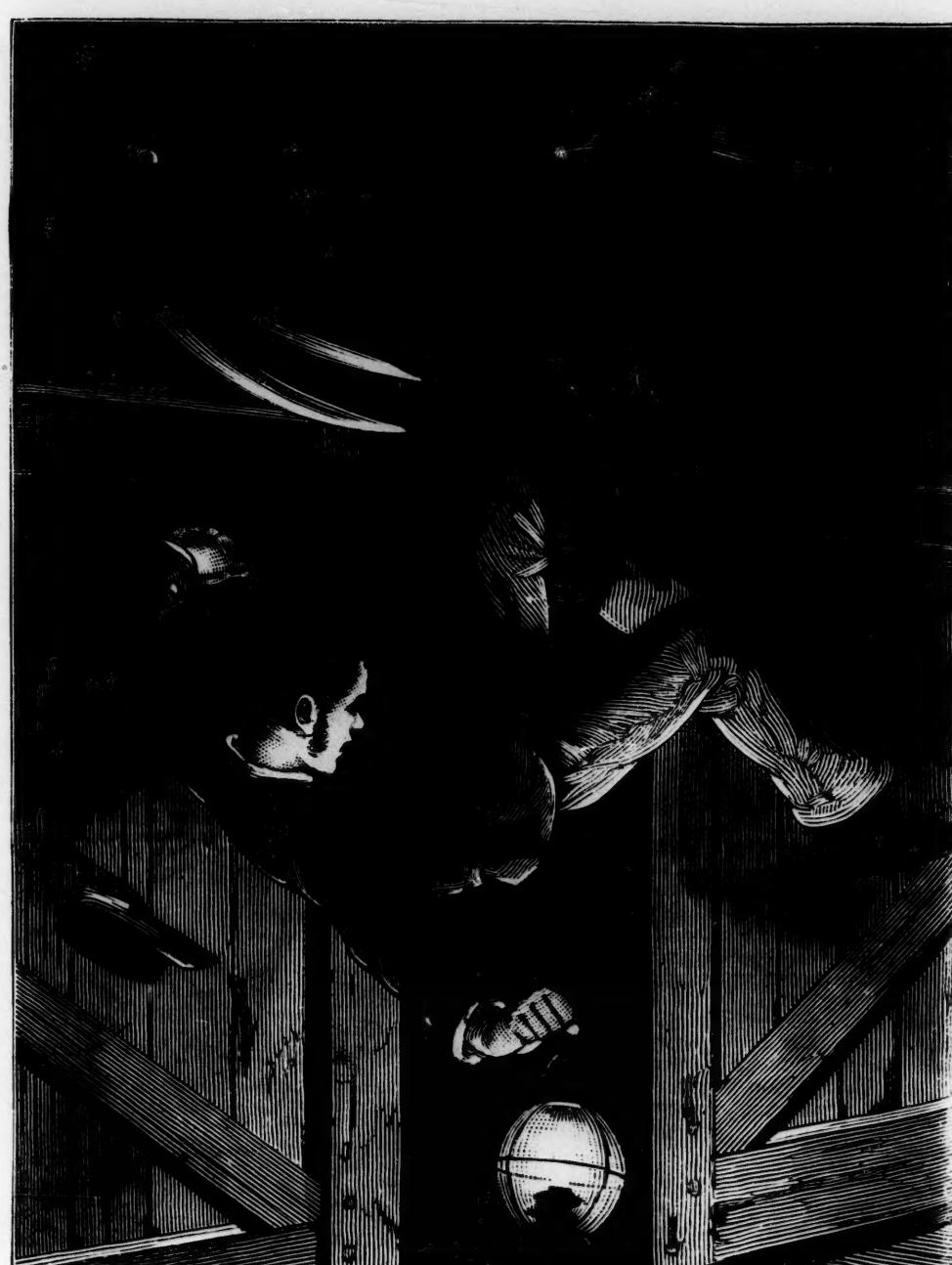
HUBBARD MILTON, colored, shot and fatally wounded his mistress, Annie Hunter, in a Franklin street, Pittsburg, Pa., bagnio, a few nights ago. Milton was very jealous, and during the evening the couple quarreled about an other man's ring, which the woman had in her possession. The murderer, after committing the deed, escaped, but was captured several hours later just outside the city limits.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

## RICHARD O'GORMAN.

[Photo by Falk.]



A SURPRISED BAGGAGE SMASHER.

THE TROUBLE THAT A TRAIN HAND ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD GOT INTO BY FOOLING WITH THE TRUNK OF A TRAVELLING ELPHANT.

## Frank Maggioli.

We present this week a portrait of Frank Maggioli, champion billiard player of the Southern States. This noted player was born in New Orleans, August 7, 1852, and is now therefore in his thirty-second year. His father, John James Maggioli, was also a noted player in his time, being a champion both at billiards and pin pool. Frank's first public appearance was in 1873, when he won the first prize in an amateur tournament given at the St. Charles hotel, by H. W. Collender. Henry Miller then gave him the odds of a discount and defeated him in three successive games. After practicing the masse and draw shots for a period of thirty days Frank challenged Miller to play a match game of 500 points even up for \$250 a side, which he won, much to the surprise of his friends. In the professional tournament given at the Crescent Hall, in 1874, he lost the state championship, which was won by Henry Miller. Maggioli immediately challenged him for the emblem, which, after a close game, he succeeded in winning. He then accepted a challenge from Louis Abrams and the game, which was played at the Varieties theatre, attracted an immense audience. In this Abrams turned up as a winner, he reaching the coveted 300 points while

Frank still had 20 to go. Abrams then lost the medal to Miller, who in turn lost it to Maggioli. In this last game Frank showed such greatly improved form as to terrify the other aspirants for championship honors, and was therefore allowed to remain in undisputed possession of the emblem. He then figured in several minor matches, and when the J. M. Brunswick and Balke company inaugurated their tournament at Chicago, in 1875, in which the medal emblematical of the championship of the Northwest and valuable money prizes were at stake, together with Louisiana's other representatives, Henry Miller and Albert Hoa, Miller won the first prize, Frank not getting a place. When Miller returned to New Orleans with the trophy he was challenged for it and \$500 a side by Henry Rhines. This game took place at the Academy



A. G. McCoy,

PROMINENT SPORTING MAN OF DANVILLE  
PENN.



THE "POLICE GAZETTE" TROPHY,  
REPRESENTING THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF MIXED  
WRESTLING.

[Photo by John Wood.]

of Music, New Orleans, and was won by Miller. Maggioli then challenged the winner, and succeeded in wresting from him the trophy. Burleigh then challenged the New Orleans boy, and in a game at the Odd Fellows' hall he became in turn the possessor of the trophy. Of late years Maggioli's playing has shown marked improvement, and his defeat of Morris last winter stamped him as one of the strongest players in the country, while his run of 412 proved him to be an adept at nursing. Since then, in private, he has made runs of 504 and 571 on the rail. He also plays a very strong cushion carrom game, and is looked upon by experts as the pin pool champion of the country.

## John Carkeek.

John Carkeek, the famous Cornish wrestler, of Michigan, was born in Rockland, Ontonagon county, Michigan, January 22, 1861, and is now near 23 years old. He entered the wrestling ring at the age of 16, and won the fourth prize in a Cornish wrestle. The following year he won the third prize, and has won the first prize every year since, except one. On May 18 he met Mr. Evan Lewis, champion of Montana, at Dodgeville, Iowa county, Wis., and threw him in 20 minutes. He has thrown all the best men of Michigan and Wisconsin, and is open to the world, to wrestle Cornish style, in jackets.

He stands five feet ten inches in his bare feet, weight in condition, 180 pounds; measures 42½ inches around the chest. He is anxious for a match with anybody for any amount, to wrestle Cornish rules, in jacket.

Persons desirous of making a match can address him, James Bennett or Phil. Lewis, at Darlington, Wis., and arrangements can then be made.

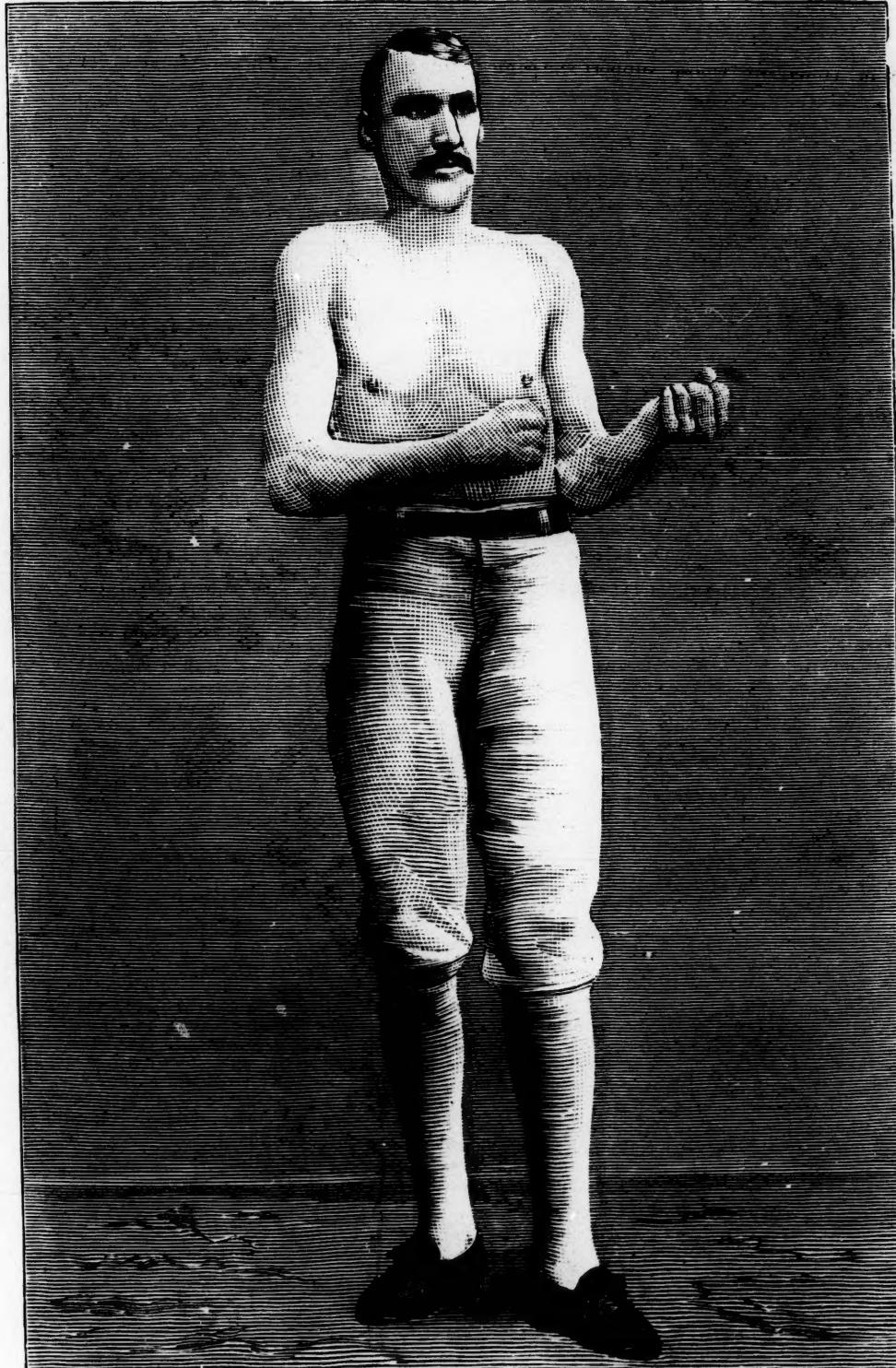


FRANK MAGGIOLI,

CHAMPION BILLIARDIST OF THE SOUTHERN  
STATES.

## Mysterious Murder.

A young man named Joseph Commenzing, employed by the clothing house of C. R. Mabley & Co., in Cincinnati, was shot and killed recently in the city suburbs by an unknown person. The affair is involved in mystery.



JAMES MCLOUD,

WINNER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" HEAVYWEIGHT MEDAL FOR ARIZONA.

[Photo by John Wood.]



JOHN CARKEEK,

THE FAMOUS CORNISH WRESTLER OF MICHIGAN.

## SPORTING NEWS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.  
SECRETS OF THE STAGE.

Behind the Scenes and What Goes on There.

*The Mysteries of the Theatre Unveiled by an Old Insider, and Superbly Illustrated. The opening Chapters of this Superb and Fascinating Work appear in*

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 31, Out Nov. 10. Price 5 Cents.

SULLIVAN, the pugilist, recently strained the tendons of his right arm on Steve Taylor's elbow.

HARMON offered to run Kittleman for \$5,000 a side, an even race. The latter wanted a handicap of two yards.

J. A. MYERS defeated H. W. Eager in a clay pigeon match at Worcester, Mass., Nov. 1. Score, 43 to 36 out of 50.

LOUIS RONDELLE, professor of arms, of France, is anxious to meet R. Senac, or any man in America, in a fencing contest.

WE understand that \$5,000 to \$300 was laid against Bendigo, the Irish horse that won the Cambridgeshire on Oct. 23.

JAMES MCQUIGGIN, of Cambridge, and Mills, of Natick, Mass., are matched to run 150 yards, for \$400, at Beacon Park, Boston, Nov. 13.

HENRY MURPHY, the noted sporting man of Lynn, Mass., was recently presented by his numerous friends with a gold watch and chain.

JOHN KEEN, the English bicyclist, in an exhibition at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., Nov. 3, rode a bicycle a quarter of a mile in 38 1/2.

THE 125-yard running race between Peter Smith and John H. Martin, both of South Weymouth, Mass., for \$200, was won by Smith by 4 feet.

HON. ION KEITH FALCONER, holder of the two mile amateur champion bicycle record, 5:36 1/2, has been appointed lecturer of Cambridge University.

R. HOWELL won the 20-mile bicycle race for the championship shield and a money prize, at Leicestershire, England, Oct. 20, in 1h 9m 43s; F. Lees was second.

JOHN CONNER, 24 years old, who recently reached Scranton, from England, offers to wrestle any man in the State, catch-as-catch can, for \$500 or more a side.

MR. W. F. SUTTON, of the London Scottish Bicycle club, recently rode 200 1/2 miles in the 24 hours. This beats the best previous 24-hour record by about five miles.

INVESTIGATION as to the "crooked" work in the 2:30 race for pacers, at the recent Chicago Driving Park association, resulted in the expulsion of Billy S. and his driver.

S. A. MEYERS and J. Haverstoh, employed in the baggage department at Castle Garden, this city, engaged in a 100-yards race at the Battery on Nov. 3. Meyers won in 12s.

It is said that George W. Lee will accompany Edward Hanlan to San Francisco, Cal., where the champion is under engagement to row an exhibition race on Thanksgiving Day.

A HOMING pigeon race between birds from the lots of Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, and Francis Whitley, of Newark, N. J., for \$100 a side, is to be decided on Nov. 28. Distance, about 95 miles.

G. STATZELL defeated W. H. McDowell in a single scull race, a mile and a half straightaway, for a prize valued at \$50, on the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, on Nov. 3. The winner's time was 11m 11 1/4s.

PROF. WM. CLARK, the noted sporting man of Brooklyn, has returned to his old stand, the "Police Gazette" shades, Fulton street, Brooklyn, opposite the Court House, and will shortly have a grand opening.

THE sculling race between William Richards, of McKeesport, and Peter Snyder, of Pittsburgh, was decided at the former place on Nov. 3. Richards won by eight lengths in 22m 15s. The stakes were \$100 a side.

THOMAS FLYNN defeated John P. Sullivan in a three-mile sculling race at San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 21, by 25s, in 2m 45s. The time was slow owing to a strong tide which was running against them on the homestretch.

THE 25-mile match between the English bicyclists, Fred. Wood and G. W. Waller, for \$125 a side, was decided at Waller's grounds, Newcastle, England, Oct. 20, and was won by Wood, by a length, in 1h 27m, 57 1/2s.

A REPORT comes from Portland, Oregon, that Kittleman, in his race with Martin, where \$15,000 was at stake, did not accomplish the time as stated—9 1/2s; the correct time was 10 1/2s. Kittleman got two yards the best of the pistol.

A 120 YARDS foot race for \$300, between Patrick Dugan, of Girardville, and Frank Wharmby, of New London, Pa., was decided at Mahanoy City, on Nov. 1. After running very close for 50 yards, Dugan began to draw away, and finally won by over 6 feet.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS' 4-months-old black and white running dog Puffer, and D. C. Ashby's white bulldog Toby, ran handicap race for \$250 a side at Echo Park, Philadelphia, on Nov. 3. The puppy was allowed 50 yards start in 200, and it won easily.

Two dogs belonging respectively to fanciers named McGuinness and Jack Rowley, fought near Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 29. The stakes were \$1,000 a side. Each of the dogs weighed 33 lbs. The fight took place in an open field, and Rowley's dog named "Scratch," won in 1h 20m.

JOHN McMAHON, the famous wrestler, and Duncan C. Ross have been matched to wrestle for \$600 at Burlington, Vt. The contest will be mixed styles, best three in five falls, the contestants to wear jackets in the catch-as-catch-can style, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

PAT KIRBY, owner of the famous fighting dog Jack Napoleon, who has won eleven battles in the past 18 months, has matched his dog against Crib, another celebrated canine, for \$500 a side. The fight is to take place as soon as both dogs can be trained down to the requisite weight.

JOHN TEEMER, the young oarsman who made such an excellent record at the Pullman regatta during the summer, has deposited \$500 as a forfeit for a three-mile and turn race with Edward Hanlan, for a stake of \$500 a side, the race to be decided at any place mutually agreed upon.

MIKE DONOVAN, the well known and clever pugilist, has opened his new saloon, "The Brighton," No. 156 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mike will always keep on hand a well selected stock of wines, liquors and cigars of the finest brands, and will always be glad to meet his friends.

A PRIZE fight for \$1,000 a side took place at Caldwell, Idaho, on Nov. 7, between McFadden, of Winnipeg, and Mortland, of St. Louis, which terminated in the fourteenth round, Mortland receiving punishment from which it is thought he cannot recover. He was taken from the ring in an insensible condition.

ED. THOMAS, a pugilist of some little local notoriety in the Smoky City, has challenged Jimmy Weeden to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring or Queensberry rules for \$500 a side. If Weeden did not have more trouble than he bargained for in his fight with Owen Maloney, he may decide to meet Thomas.

A GRAND pool tournament will be held at the Atlantic Hotel, Bath, L. I., commencing Monday evening, Nov. 19, 1883, comprising the strongest players in America. Albert M. Frey, the champion, and Samuel F. Knight, ex-champion, will compete. There will be \$500 given in cash prizes—viz.: \$125 to first, \$100 to second, \$75 to third and \$50 to fourth.

HARRY SUMMERS, the noted sporting man, of Denver, Col., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on November 6, for the purpose of looking through the building. He expressed his admiration and astonishment on being shown through the different departments of the magnificent structure, which he says is the chief topic of conversation in Colorado.

THE first hundred-mile bicycle club run ever made in this country, in which nine men started and finished, was accomplished on the 3d inst., by the Hawthorne Bicycle club, of Salem, Mass. The route was from Salem to South Framingham and return. The start was made at 6:07 A. M., and at 7:45 P. M. the riders had covered 100 miles, and reached their club room.

MANY improvements are to be made at the Coney Island Jockey club track, Sheephead Bay, by which the track will be lengthened to a mile and a quarter. The width at the turn will be 50 feet, and the sides 80 feet, at the grand stand 100 feet and at the start 125 feet. The improvement will cost about \$7,500, and it is claimed that the track will then be the fastest in the country.

THE Leadville Herald, Oct. 30, says: "Miss Ada De Alva, the well known trapeze performer, desires to challenge any female in Colorado to fight her with soft gloves for \$100 a side. The fair challenger with her money, can be found at the 'Police Gazette' Palace." The female boxer that boldly issues the challenge is Lola, who some years ago figured as a pedestrian.

A DOG fight for \$500 a side took place near Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, between "Senator," from Washington, and "Tommy B." of Chicago. "Senator" was declared the winner, "Tommy B." expiring in the pit after a fierce battle lasting 1h 8m. The owner of the victor refused \$800 for him, though he seemed to be little removed from the death to which he had sent his antagonist.

THE second of the two double-team trotting matches for \$2,000, between Frank and H. B. Winship, with running mates, was decided at Mystic Park, Boston, November 8, H. B. Winship winning in three straight heats. Time, 2:16 1/4, 2:12 and 2:11 1/4. The track was in fair condition. It was quite cold, however, and considering the strong wind prevailing the time made was extraordinary.

THE race for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, in England, on November 8, was won by Lord Ellesmere's five-year-old chestnut gelding, Bowzell. Mr. W. A. Long's five-year-old chestnut gelding, Tonans, came in second, and Mr. R. Jardine's three-year-old brown colt, Springbok, third. There were ten starters, including Plunger F. T. Walton's five-year-old bay horse, Mr. Pickwick.

THE three-mile with a turn single-scull race over the McKeesport, Penn., course, between Peter Snyder, of Pittsburgh, and William Richards, of McKeesport, for a purse of \$200. In the pools, the McKeesport man was the favorite at the rate of \$25 to \$10, and about \$2,000 were boxed by the poolholders aside from the outside bets. Richards crossed the line in 22:5. Snyder, 30: later.

BILLY MADDEN, the well known boxer, trainer and former manager for John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, respectively, champions of America and England, has opened a sporting house at No. 964 First avenue, southeast corner of Fifty-third street, New York city. The formal opening will take place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14, when his friends are cordially invited to give him a call.

GEORGE BUBEAR, of London, England, in reply to Wallace Ross' challenge, states through the London *Sporting Life* as follows: "Wallace Ross says that he will give me 18s start from Putney to Mortlake. I am willing to accept his challenge for \$1,000 a side, and shall be glad to meet him or his supporters at either the *Sporting Life* or *Sportsman* office as soon as possible, to draw up and sign articles of agreement.

SULLIVAN says the story about his giving up drinking for a year was all bosh. "How it got into the papers I don't know, but it got there, and spread over the country as a piece of news, as the people want any news about one who has gained so much notoriety as myself. It spread more rapidly than if it had been said of a man not so well known. I don't drink much, say five or six glasses of ale a day and a bottle for dinner, if I feel like it."

A DOG fight, for \$200 a side, between Paddy and Jack, belonging to Cincinnati, took place about seven miles back of Covington, Ky., on Nov. 6, and was witnessed by a rough gathering of sports. The battle was decided in an ice house, in an unrefined place. Jack was a novice in the pit, while Paddy was the hero of a number of previous contests. After a terrible struggle of nearly an hour Paddy won. It is expected that Jack will die.

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, during the week: James Pilkington, Edwin Bibby, Greco-Roman wrestler; Thibeband Bauer, M. Mamou, French wrestler; Frank Stevenson, Gus Lambert, Jim Goode, of England; Yank Adams, Chicago; Louis Rondeau, champion fencer of France; "Batt" Sweeney, Harry Summers, Denver, Col.; Prof. Wm. Clarke, Brooklyn; H. C. Eaton, Prof. Watson, of London, England; Jiminy Murray, Tom Allen, Joe Fowler, Tommy Barnes, Prof. W. C. McClellan, T. F. Kelly.

PLEASE state in the POLICE GAZETTE that I hereby notify Harry N. Herber that our postponed wrestling contest for a medal, given by the Young Elks, must take place within four weeks from date, or I will claim the medal. I have been ready to win or lose the medal since we first wrestled for it, and now want to bring the matter to an issue.

ERNEST ROEBER. The trophy is now held by the sporting editor of the

POLICE GAZETTE, who will be ready to meet Roebert and Herber at any time they may name to arrange for the match.

AFTER a race on the Brooklyn Driving Park, on November 3, L. H. Broome, owner of the trotter, Modoc, which took part in the contest, ordered Jesse Yearence, his driver and trainer, to take the animal to his stable in Jersey City. Instead of complying with the instructions Yearence took Modoc to his own farm in Bergen county, N. J., claiming that Mr. Broome owed him \$200 as a percentage on the horse's winnings. When Mr. Broome heard of Yearence's action he obtained a warrant for his arrest, and with friends and Constable Welling went to the trainer's home. Mr. Broome broke open the stable and secured the horse, blankets, harness and sulky.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Peter Abbott, Tom Allen, Wm. Baker, Thomas Brennan, Charles Courtney, Joe Coburn, James Calvin, Frank E. Dobson, C. Duncan, Mike Donovan, John Ennis, George Fulljames (2), Bob Farrell (2), Dick Garvin, John Hammond, Thos. Hussey, Franz Kurezener, John Lacy (2), Phillip La Tourette, James McCormick, Wm. Muldoon (2), Geo. W. Moore, Maurice Murphy, Wm. C. McClellan, Jimmy Murray, Dan O'Leary, E. Pidgeon, George Cooke, Frank Rose, Duncan C. Ross, A. C. Reid, Frank Seton (3), John L. Sullivan, Ed. Seward, D. F. Toumey, Henry W. Taylor, Geo. W. Wingate, Capt. Matthew Webb, Tim Hussey.

MESSRS. T. S. Kelly, the sporting boniface of the Rosedale Shadys, Ansonia, and H. C. Eaton, of Naugatuck, Conn., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Nov. 9. Messrs. Eaton and Kelly have decided to give \$250 and gold medals for a collar-and-elbow wrestling tournament, which will be held at Military Hall, Ansonia, Conn., on Nov. 22, 23 and 24. The conditions will be collar-and-elbow, and prizes will be offered for heavy, middle and light weight wrestlers. The prize for heavyweights will be \$100, entrance fee, \$5; the middleweight prize will be \$75 and the entrance fee, \$3; the prize for lightweights will be \$50 and the entrance fee, \$2. Entries to close Nov. 20, at Kelly's Rosedale, Ansonia, Conn.

At St. Louis, on Sunday, Nov. 4, Sullivan, the pugilist, pitched five innings for a picked team against the St. Louis club, and then Ted Sullivan, the old manager of the St. Louis club, took his place. The score at the conclusion stood at 15 to 3, in favor of the St. Louis club. At the finish a great crowd surrounded the champion, and he found it hard work reaching the dressing room. He escaped from the ball park by way of a rear entrance, and it was not until he and the Maori had gone some distance that they found they had left a cigar box containing a part of the day's receipts behind them. They returned to the park on the run and recovered it. Sullivan received as his share 80 per cent of the gate receipts, which amounted to about \$1,25.

AN interesting game of quoits took place on Oct. 21, at Williamsburg, Col. The principals were Jack Tinn, of that place, and Wm. Morgan, of Coal Creek. The stakes were \$100 a side, and the contest was for the championship of Colorado. The game was 61 points up, 16 yards distance. Morgan was the favorite at 2 to 1 at the start, and when the game was called, Morgan 17, Tinn 5, the betting changed to 5 to 1 on Morgan, with few takers. By careful playing, Tinn soon decreased the lead Morgan had taken, until the game stood Tinn 35, Morgan 22. Tinn won. Score 61 to 35. Another match has been made, Tinn allowing Morgan 10 points in 61, and a forfeit of \$50 a side has been put up. John Welch, of Coal Creek, was final stakeholder and referee.

THE ten-mile challenge race between George M. Hendee, of Springfield, amateur ten-mile champion of the United States, and A. H. Robinson, of West Kensington, Eng., was decided at Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 3. Robinson had the lead at the start, keeping it to the ninth mile, when Hendee crept ahead, holding this position to the tenth and last mile, when he was an easy winner by three lengths. The prize, a \$200 gold medal, by the Springfield Bicycle club. The time was 39m 12s. Hendee was wildly applauded. John Keen and Henry Davis' horse, Prince, made a quarter mile dash, the trotter winning by a length; time, 38s. One mile race, seven entries, two starters, C. S. Fisk and W. E. Craw, Springfield; won by Fisk, time, 3m 22s. One mile tricycle race, C. E. Whipple and C. W. Wassung, Springfield; won by Whipple, time, 4m 58s.

AT the annual games of Columbia College Athletic club, held in New York, on Nov. 5, the 100-yard running race was won by E. B. LaFetra, in 10 1/2s. A half-mile run was won by Harris Smith in 2:17 1/2. There were nine competitors in the 220 yards' dash, which was won by E. B. LaFetra, '88, in 24 1/2. The mile walk created some amusement, and was won by E. A. Clinton in 8:50. The 220 yards' hurdle race was won by W. R. Ferris, Time, 4:08 1/4. T. W. Martin won the mile run in 5:15 1/4, and A. J. Murberg won the quarter mile handicap by 18 yds. C. F. Boatwick, scratch, being the second. Time, 1:03. Seventeen feet four inches was the best running broad jump, and was made by Charles L. Wooley, '88. The exercises closed with a baseball distance throw, in which D. M. Marvin was the successful competitor, with a throw of 282 feet.

THE RUMOR that was circulated that Tom Allen, the prize fighter, had become stiff and short of wind is bringing in more business than he can conveniently handle. A short time ago a couple of thugs jumped on him and attempted to rob him, because they thought the old man was no good. A couple of days ago Jim Egan, who once kept the Canterbury, and a friend of his, named Brooks, wandered into Allen's free-and-easy, at St. Louis. A quarrel soon came on, growing out of some trivial matter. Allen had Egan knocked out very soon, when Brooks grabbed the ex-champion's hand, and Egan's dog, who had been a quiet spectator, took a hand in the fight. The canine edged around to the rear, and he soon had Allen by the loosest part of his pantaloons. Tom shook himself away from the men, and pulled his pistol with the intention of killing the dog but changed his mind and put the revolver away. Egan and his friend were ejected, and Allen came out as usual, a winner.

At the Manhattan Athletic club grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, New York, on Nov. 6, Frank P. Murray, of the Williamsburg Athletic club, accomplished another remarkable feat at walking. Some time ago he covered a mile in 8m 29 3/4s, but on this occasion he beat the amateur record for three miles. Murray was entered in the one-mile handicap and he probably would have won, but L. E. Meyers had offered him a medal to break the three-mile record, and he did not try to win. Wm. E. Knox, who had 32 yards, won with J. T. McDonald, 220 yards, second, Frank P. Murray, scratch, third, in 8m 39 4/5s. Murray did not stop, but continued on with T. F. Delaney, the new cross-country champion, jogging by his side, and the times he made were as follows: One and a half miles, 10m 19 2/5s; two miles, 13m 59s; two and a half miles 17m 40 2/5s; three miles, 21m 9 1/2s.

The best previous amateur record was 21m 28s, made by H. Webster, in England, in 1880, and the American amateur record was 21m 42s, by Harry Armstrong, made in 1878. The 100-yard handicap was won by E. Jones, Brooklyn, 9 yards start; M. Garwood, West Side A. C., 9 yards, second; S. Derickson, Manhattan A. C., 1 1/2 yards, third. Time, 10 1/2s.

THE wrestling match between Wm. Muldoon and Clarence Whistler, best two in three falls, Greco-Roman style, for \$2,000, attracted 3,000 spectators to the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on Nov. 1. It was claimed that the stakes were \$2,000, but it is doubtful if there was a cent up outside the gate money. Billy Jordan presided, and Hiram Cooke was the referee. Muldoon won the first fall in 4m, and Whistler the second in 42m. The contestants then began to pretend they were in earnest and indulged in unfair tactics. Muldoon finally threw Whistler, and he landed on his left shoulder, breaking it, some claimed. Whistler had a doctor brought who decided that Whistler's shoulder blade was fractured. The referee then, according to agreement, decided the match a draw when he should have decided that Whistler had been defeated. The majority of the crowd believed that the match was genuine, but it was all a "put up scheme" to catch the money of the sporting men of San Francisco, and the affair worked

BANGOR, Me., now comes to the front with a pugilist, and many sporting men of that section claim that he will be a wonder. Jerry Murphy is the name of the coming man. He stands six feet in height and weighs 200 pounds. He recently competed for the boxing championship of the State of Maine, at Novembang Hall, Bangor, against Lew. W. Brown, of Lewiston. About five hundred sporting men assembled to witness the affair, Murphy proving himself the better man in two rounds. This match was long looked forward to and created much interest among sporting men in Maine. Murphy, the winner, although a young man, is a giant in stature, being over 6 ft in height and in weight almost 200 lbs. He is allowed, by good judges, to be a remarkable clever boxer, in fact, some think him the best match for Sullivan in the country. It is rumored that a challenge will be issued in his behalf to any man in the country except Sullivan, for a glove contest. None of the many professional sparring that have visited Bangor have been able to touch him.

## A CARD.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 18, 1883.

The undersigned certifies that he held for collection, for account of Thomas Matterface, 12 West Twenty-third street, New York, one-fifth of ticket No. 33,890, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the First Capital Prize of SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of L. A. Heyer, for Mrs. M. P. Heyer, New York, one-fifth of ticket No. 33,890, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the First Capital Prize of SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of M. C. Mitchell, 3,08 M street, N. W., Washington, D. C., one-fifth of ticket No. 24,424, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Second Capital Prize of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of Mrs. L. Woolery, Philadelphia, Pa., one-fifth of ticket No. 24,424 in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Second Capital Prize of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of E. M. Flack, Hopkinsville, Ky., one-fifth of ticket No. 59,499, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Third Capital Prize of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of Wm. Lowery, 124 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., one-fifth of ticket No. 59,499, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Third Capital Prize of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of J. J. Meding, Washington, D. C., one-fifth of ticket No. 59,499, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Third Capital Prize of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

Also,

for account of T. M. WESCOAT, Agent Southern, Texas, and Wells, Fargo & Co., Express Companies, New Orleans, La.

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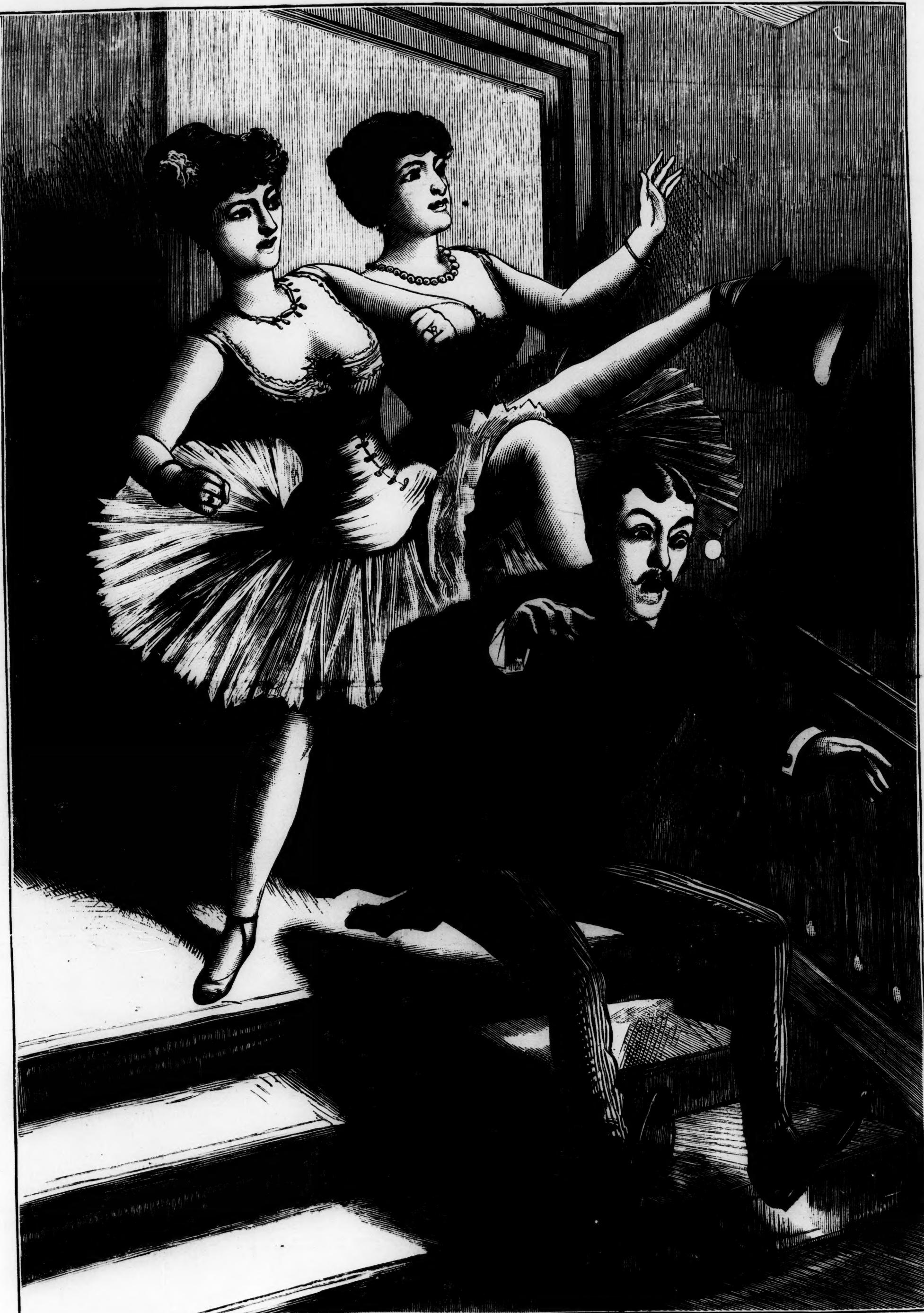
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